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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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D. J. STEWART

Canada: Big Day for Social Credit

DONALD COXE

A Proposal for the Airlines

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

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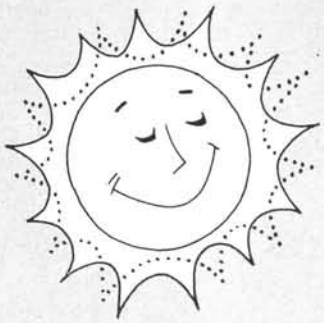

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A JOURNAL OF FACT AND OPINION

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In This Issue . . .

➔ . . . there is much talk about politics, this being a political year in the United States and elsewhere. **D. J. Stewart,** a young classics scholar journeying slowly cross-country to teach students about Athenian politics, takes to highly unclassical musing about the great national warm-up for November's *balonus perennis*. . . . **Donald Coxe,** a younger lawyer in Toronto, tells about the history and prospects of the Social Credit Party, once merely a funny-money party, now, quite possibly, the emerging vehicle of responsible conservative Canadian politics. Mr. Coxe, we report happily, will join the staff of NATIONAL REVIEW in September, provided we succeed in persuading the Bureau of Immigration, which can be a very sticky wicket, that Mr. Coxe's skills are *sui generis*, which should be apparent to our readers. . . . **Anthony Lejeune** is back, as eloquent and incisive as ever, to tell us how dim are the prospects in England, though the unflappable Macmillan might yet save the country from the Laborite-Liberals, even if he continues to decline to return it to the conservatives. . . . And as the Algerian tragedy unfolds on a new desolation, **Erik von Kuehnelt-Leddihn** puts the whole thing in perspective. . . . **William Rickenbacker,** haunted by the plight of the airlines, comes up with a drastic and ingenious idea for reconstituting the tickets and reservation system of the airlines. Capt. Eddie, please note. . . . **Russell Kirk** pays tribute to Professor Donald Davidson of Vanderbilt, on the occasion of the publication of a new book of lyric and ironic poems.

➔ **Francis Russell** recently got national publicity by requisitioning and causing to be fired the pistol found on Nicola Sacco, and alleged by the prosecution to have been the weapon that killed the guard Berardelli. (It was.) Mr. Russell's book on Sacco and Vanzetti will be out soon. He writes about Honey Fitz, grandfather of JFK, and what appears to be a controversial new biography by John Cutler. Boston has no secrets from Francis Russell. . . . **John Chamberlain** is back! After a year's truancy, he writes, instructively, about the posthumous book of Claude Robinson, the statistician and economist who shortly before his death undertook to examine some of the prevailing fallacies about capitalism. . . . **Walter Darnell Jacobs** examines shrewdly and compassionately what he calls the double tragedy of Milovan Djilas, his thirst for freedom, and his incapacity to understand that no form of socialism can slake that thirst.

➔ And for those who haven't liked our poetry in English, we offer a poem in French, the graceful and tender work of **Norma McLain Stoop,** whose French mother spoke to her only in her native tongue. Miss Stoop, whose poetry has been published all over, lives near New York. . . . **Robert Beum,** poet and teacher, lives in Lincoln, Nebraska, publishes widely, and, when last heard from, was collaborating with Karl Shapiro on a book on prosody. . . . **Roy Fisher** is a young English poet, whose work hasn't appeared before in America. ➔

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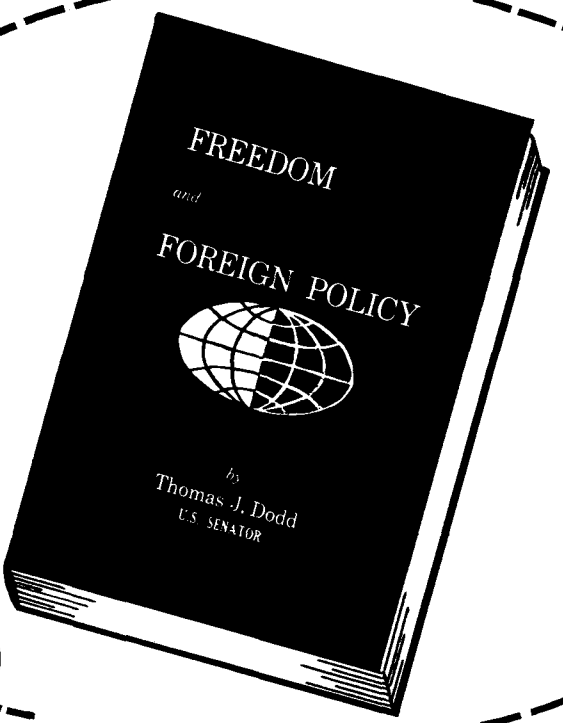

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HERBERT HOOVER

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MUST THE COMMUNISTS WIN EVERY BATTLE?

No. In fact, they are *losing* one right now. Deep in the water-logged jungles of South Vietnam, the Red invaders are being beaten, and beaten badly, in the toughest kind of guerrilla struggle—fierce and dirty warfare at which the Viet Cong had seemed invincible.

For three years, a determined band of anti-Communists—led by a Catholic priest—has not only won every battle, but reconquered a large area that had been considered safely Communist.

Think of it. A *real* New Frontier! Where the *Communists* are losing; where *Red* soldiers are ambushed, trapped, and annihilated. Truly, here is a story to inspire the whole Free World.

It is the true story of Binh Hung, "The Village that Refuses to Die," where some 2,000 free people live in houses raised from the swamps of the southernmost tip of Vietnam. Here, in 1959, a Chinese Catholic priest, Father Hoa, brought the remaining 375 refugees who had followed him out of Red China, and wandered for years through Southeast Asia, fleeing before the advancing Communists. For these desperate people, it was the end of the line: they could retreat no further.

So they built their village of mud, and fought off Red attacks with knives and sticks, and then with captured weapons. Finally, aid came from President Ngo Dinh Diem of Vietnam: a few obsolete weapons, with which the stubborn villagers not only stopped the Reds, but drove them back.

Then American aid began to arrive. With more modern weapons, Father Hoa personally lead his men into combat, and soon not only Binh Hung but the whole area for miles around was liberated.

Although still isolated in Communist territory—the only link with the Free World is by helicopter—Binh Hung now boasts an army of over 1,000 tough fighters. And they are on the offensive. Father Hoa's men are now fighting to clear all Communist guerrillas from an area inhabited by almost 100,000 people.

Today, in Binh Hung, happy, smiling children greet arriving helicopters. They have a good chance, thanks to Father Hoa's courageous fight, to grow up free men, in a free land. But whether they will or not could depend on *you*.

Binh Hung is heavily dependent on outside aid to clothe and equip its soldiers and people. Such aid can only come from those of us in the Free World who know Father Hoa's story, and are willing to help. Therefore, it is vital to Father Hoa that his story be *known* to as many Americans as possible.

Now, you can actually *see* it. KCRA-TV, in Sacramento, California, filmed the story of Binh Hung. But this almost unbelievable film was shown *only once*, and *never* on a nation-wide network. That is why Communications Distribution, Inc., decided to make this thrilling film available to the public at the *lowest price possible*. We believe every American should—and will want to—see it. Clubs and organizations will find no better film to show at meetings—nor a better cause to support. It is our hope that, through the viewing of this film, millions of anti-Communist Americans will learn about Father Hoa's fight. Once his story is known, we are confident, he will not lack for support in his heroic struggle for freedom.

For full information about this remarkable film, please turn the page.

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- ***the terror stalking nearby villages under Comr nist control***
- ***Communist prisoners, including many young bo being rehabilitated by Father Hoa's Brainwashing reverse program***
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The WEEK

● The royal progress of President and Mrs. Kennedy through the province of Mexico has concluded in "a triumph in the establishment of better relations between Mexico and the United States," as the *New York Times* announces. What? Were the relations poor before? Didn't the Mexicans already know that Jack and Jackie 1) are of average proportions, dolichocephalic, white-toothed, and handsome; 2) are 98.6° Fahrenheit; 3) can smile, and 4) between them, can get along in Spanish? Yes indeed: the Mexicans knew all that before, and they didn't learn anything more than that from the royal visitation. For that matter, when the world is at rest, kings stay home; and the dissolution of the West seems to proceed in direct ratio to the mileage we put on our rulers. The *Times*, and anyone else who thinks a fiesta is a triumph of diplomacy, have succumbed to the Whoopee School of International Affairs. And let it be forecast right now: if, as many observers say, Mexico advances on Communism, the Whoopee School won't learn its lesson. It'll simply call for another fiesta. *Na vashe zdorovye, amigos!*

● Just about *everybody* is talking tax cuts now, and when such odd colleagues as Walter Reuther and the Chamber of Commerce seem to agree, there's need for definition. Reuther and his type have called for tax cuts in the lower brackets, in order to increase demand (an unproven hypothesis), create a stimulating deficit (unproven), keep soaking the rich (the economic benefits of which are unproven), and make friends with the masses (this much, alas, *is* proven). The Chamber of Commerce would make deeper cuts at the top than at the bottom in order to free funds for investment (to provide jobs: a proven connection), attract funds to useful (and taxable) employ (thus offsetting rapidly the probable initial deficit), and stimulate the more productive minds to further production (the only road to economic growth). Tax reform and tax reduction are long overdue. It should be obvious that there is less need for reform as the rates get lower; and those conservatives who would keep tax rates high merely to avoid a temporary deficit are ignoring the probability that lower rates would stimulate enough new business to regain the initial tax loss and then some—and are ignoring the common experience of every country that has lowered its rates while increasing its total tax revenues. What are we waiting for?

● On June 30 Dwight Eisenhower gathered to his Gettysburg farm a hundred Republican leaders in the first "All-Republican Conference." Out of this there was to grow the Citizens Committee, a sort of Ike-style ADA, which would take a big share in making Republican policy. Well, the Party might be better organized. But Gettysburg isn't Washington, and Ike isn't the paradigm of political wisdom. Indeed, the very next day Senator Goldwater identified most of the would-be leaders as those who had "contributed to the divisive tactics of the 1960 campaign when long-time and experienced Republican Party leaders were shunted aside . . ." and who "were responsible in large part for policies of the Eisenhower Administration which ran counter to the traditional principles of the Republican Party." After Goldwater's plainspoken comments some Republicans who had taken front-row seats at the Gettysburg Parliament (Senator Dirksen, Representative Halleck) began to remember how convenient it is for Republican members of Congress to retain control of Republican policy. Perhaps this was the first full-dress confrontation between the old guard of middle-of-the-road maneuver and the new guard of undiluted conservative principle; although the final results will not be clear for some time, it is apparent even now that the conservative Republicans did not feel they had to capitulate to the Spirit of Gettysburg.

● *New Frontier Persuademanship*: After a three month pressure campaign to put over the Administration's Medicare plan, Dr. Gallup ran a test. He found Medicare had slipped nine points in popularity with the 60-and-over group since March.

● Career foreign service officer Robert Thompson Pell issued a statement on June 28 from Ticonderoga, his home, accepting the Conservative Party nomination for Jacob Javits' seat in the U.S. Senate—a statement so fiery that New York political circles (with a notable exception) are still buzzing. The exception: John Hay Whitney's Rockefellerphile *Herald Tribune*, which managed to bury one of the year's finest political manifestoes in a late edition circulated only around New York City. The Party now has 82 Conservative Clubs throughout the state, and Mr. Pell's campaign will open with rallies in Rochester, Syracuse, White Plains, Garden City. Senator Javits has played it *very* cool, though the "Mr. ADA" tag bothers him: his principal counterattack so far has been to introduce a Senate resolution to deny equal time on radio and television for candidates of other than major parties. The Conservative Party promptly asked that a spokesman be called as a witness in the hearings. Even unfriendly sources now concede the Party an important place in state politics, and when its gubernatorial candidate is an-

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nounced (within ten days) it may be Mr. ADA's turn to ask for equal time. Copies of Mr. Pell's eloquent acceptance statement from Ticonderoga are available at Conservative Party headquarters (350 Lexington Ave., NYC), where activity is accelerating at such a rate that the Party's leaders are convinced the time is ripe for the showdown with the Liberal-Left bosses of New York's Republican Party: the "Demo-Reps," as Pell calls them.

● Sometimes we wish we were an underdeveloped country. Then people would give us money when we were broke, instead of making us work for our living; and best of all, no one would let out a peep when we felt like heaving a rock at a neighbor. Just look at the fun Sukarno is having, dropping his paratroops and marines every which way all over New Guinea, shooting up the native Papuans as if they were Apaches in a Western—and of course occasionally getting shot up themselves by a Dutch patrol, but that's no skin off Sukarno's hide. And not a cross word—in fact, no words at all—from UN official, editor, columnist, preacher, pacifist or other guardian of the Conscience of Mankind. We'll hear from them later, no doubt, if Sukarno, with the help of the planes, ships and weapons that Washington and Moscow have competed to supply, defeats the Dutch and the Papuans. What a victory it will prove to have been for the Wind of the Future, *Merdeka*-Freedom, in short for all humanity—except that minute extremist minority, the native population of New Guinea itself! They have made plain—even Sukarno does not deny it—that the last thing they want is rule by the alien races from Indonesia. But who are they, that handful of backward illiterates, to stand in the way of Progress?

● The headshrinking confraternity is in a spin. Doc Viktor Frankl, from Vienna, has discovered himself a new neurosis and he claims it's 100 proof—against conventional psychoanalysis. "Existential vacuum" *he* calls it, and *you* can tell it because it's there when a patient doubts that "life has any meaning." In more scientific terms, the professor describes it as resulting from man's loss of the "instinctual security which surrounds an animal's life. . . . At present," he says, "instincts do not tell man what he has to do, nor do traditions direct him toward what he ought to do; soon he will not even know what he wants to do—will be led by what other people want him to do, thus succumbing to conformism." Up from Existential Vacuum.

● Dr. Harry P. Gregor, professor of chemistry at the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, has developed a laboratory method of removing strontium 90 from milk. The Department of Agriculture has been using an experimental system that might operate at something like ten cents a quart; Dr. Gregor's would work for less than a penny a quart. The ban-the-bomb people, who have relied on strontium 90 (not without cause) for a great deal of argument against testing or using atomic weapons, may shortly find themselves deprived of this argument. The logic of their position has previously been pushed to the extreme—as when they came out against fallout shelters on the ground that they increased the possibility of nuclear exchanges. Presumably we shall soon be hearing from these folk, who in their misplaced sentiment must make room now for the proposal to *keep* radioactive strontium 90 in milk, lest its removal increase the chances we'll test more weapons.

● Having banned schoolroom prayer, the Supreme Court lifted the ban on the transmission of pornographic material through the mail. Children should be obscene and not heard?

The Collaborators

What are we going to do about those of our fellow citizens who persist in a course of collaboration with the enemy who has sworn to bury us? This question arises once again from the circumstances of the attempted flight of the convicted Soviet spy, Dr. Robert Soblen. Soblen was free to run off because $100,000 had been posted for him while his case was going through final appeal procedures. Sixty thousand of these dollars were supplied by Mrs. Helen Lehman Buttenweiser, a prominent lawyer, niece of ex-Senator Herbert Lehman and wife of Benjamin J. Buttenweiser, a partner of Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and former chief deputy to John J. McCloy in the West German occupation regime. (She had been approached, she said, by George G. Kirstein, publisher of the *Nation*, who promised to reimburse her for half the amount. The current issue of his magazine features a lengthy smear of "The Ultras.")

Mrs. Buttenweiser was breaking no law in providing the bail money, but it is nevertheless impossible not to notice whom it is she has long done such favors for. Not, by any record we have seen, for Tom, Dick and Harry. But today for the convicted spy, Soblen. Yesterday for Alger Hiss, whose great friend, patron, defender and hostess she has been before, during and after *his* conviction; only a few months ago, in fact, she was representing Hiss in the attempt to reopen the case via the preposterous fairy tale about the FBI's having framed him by faking the famous Woodstock typewriter. Or, as another example, for the Communist agitators, Carl Braden and Frank Wilkinson, on whose behalf she initiated a petition

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for pardon after their conviction for contempt of Congress.

Take, second, Professor Linus Pauling of the California Institute of Technology, once more acting as megaphone for Soviet policy by touting the World Peace Conference that the Communists have called for this summer in Moscow, just as year after year since time immemorial he has given his name, energy, voice and pen to one after another Soviet-serving enterprise. Or the late Professor C. Wright Mills of Columbia, who made himself the chief U.S. apologist for Fidel Castro, both before and after Castro's Communism became publicly established, and who wrote an entire book to denounce his country as the international warmonger. Or Professor Frederick V. Schuman of Williams and Professors Thomas I. Emerson and Fowler V. Harper of Yale, who a couple of months ago, along with Linus Pauling and a dozen others, attached their signatures to one more in a decades-long series of Communist-aiding fronts: this time, an Open Letter not only calling for the liquidation of South Vietnam's President Ngo Dinh Diem but condemning the presence of American personnel in that country as imperialist aggression (hence, by implication, more than justifying the Vietcong for killing Americans).

Are such persons Communists? Some such undoubtedly are, but there is not publicly at hand the full proof, of the kind demanded by the courts, that they are Communists in the total, deliberate, disciplined organizational sense. But whether they are Communists or not in the legal sense, the objective fact is that these persons we have named, and many others like them, have given aid and comfort to the enemies of this country. They have done so not once or twice, by what might have been a special impulse, quirk or personal attachment, but time and again, over a period of years and decades; and some of these acts are saved from falling under the constitutional definition of treason only by the historical chance that our government has not yet decided to give direct legal recognition to the fact that our present enemies are our enemies, and that we are at war.

So we repeat: what are we going to do about these people? If it is proper that for the time being they should be immune from legal sanction, does it also follow that they should continue to receive public respect, honor and rewards? Those whom we have named are not obscure or humble citizens. They occupy high posts in the community; they have comfortable incomes; they teach our youth from Chairs in some of the nation's most noted institutions of learning; they lecture across the land to all sorts of audiences, and their words are reproduced in scores of journals; they are granted the facilities of our great TV and radio networks; they are welcomed in

For the Record

Republican encampment at Gettysburg last week a big flop. Goldwater, Rockefeller managed not to attend, other participants bewildered about what they were meant to do. Former President Eisenhower capped disaster by warmly introducing Harvard graduate student Bruce Chapman, editor of Modern (if not futuristic) Republican magazine Advance published in Wasteland 38, Mass., and urging all delegates to subscribe. The rub: Advance devoted an entire issue to blasting GOP leadership in Corgress last winter; is still sore subject with Ev and Charlie and host of other GOP congressmen. Question: Who put Ike up to it? Larger question: Who put Ike up to being Ike (now that the Supreme Court has relieved God of the responsibility)?... Another question: Are the Rockefellers, who were heavy initial backers of Advance, still supporting it?... Republican Congressmen complaining that they are allotted only 10 per cent of committee staff employees to handle their research and reports on perding legislation.... Most glamorous candidate on New York scene this summer, Rosemary McGrath of YAF, once dubbed "La Pasionaria" of the Right—running in N.Y.'s First Assembly District GOP primary.

All-out war against Rómulo Betancourt of Venezuela, onetime Castro pal, tipped off in Worker which accuses Betancourt of political assassinations and atrocities.... Castro-armed guerrillas getting bolder in Dominican Republic.... Inter-American Regional Organization, an arm of the ICFTU (anti-Communist international union organization), reports Communist workers in Dominican Republic are making it difficult for free unions to operate.... Cuban authorities threaten stiff reprisals against Cubans who stack empty pots and pans on streets to demonstrate their hunger.... Nicaragua has adopted constitutional reform which it hopes will solve the dynasty problem: only one member of a family will be allowed ever to occupy the Presidency or Vice Presidency. (They didn't get that idea from JFK's Alliance for Progress.)

In Kigali, capital of Rwanda, as the new flag went up on July 1, the crowd joined in singing the new national anthem, "The Independence Cha Cha Cha."

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respectable public organizations and private houses; and by much of our press their brazen collaboration is treated with indulgent sympathy. ("The rest [of the bail money] was lent to Soblen's wife by two wealthy New Yorkers who cared about civil liberties," smiled the *New York Times* wanly, with a tear in its eye.)

This soft and complacent public attitude toward the collaborators amounts, at bottom, to a general collusion in the sabotage of the nation's will, and in the moral nihilism that their actions express. If our standards have so far dissolved that there is no longer *anyone* on whom we will turn our backs, then we as a people are ready for suicide.

'God Save This Honorable Court'

1. Court, Constitution and Liberty

For years now we've had it drummed into us that the Constitution is what the Supreme Court says it is. If that is true and the whole truth, it begins to look as if it were only an indirect way of saying that we do not have a Constitution, that our government is a constitutional government no longer. To call a government "constitutional" must mean, as a minimum, that its particular laws and day-by-day operations are conceived within some sort of stable structure that represents a consensus or compact, changing only slowly, and by prescribed, deliberate methods. This structure may be in part written down, as ours was, or embodied in tradition, custom and precedent, as is the English case; but the structure must be there and accepted, or the Constitution is a myth. And when the Constitution goes, what is left is "a government not of laws but of men": that is, despotism.

Let us grant that a constitution, any constitution, written or unwritten, must develop, must adapt itself in sufficient measure to changed times. But it cannot, without becoming a mockery, turn upside down overnight; cannot mean one thing today and the exact opposite tomorrow: that is the dialectic not of constitutional development but of social revolution. And in the past generation our Court has more than once chosen to act as a revolutionary rather than constitutional tribunal. Enforced racial integration in our schools may be a good thing; but to try to bring it about by a sudden decree by nine men directly contradicting an understanding of 165 years' duration was, in reality, a revolutionary, not a constitutional act.

One thing at least is certain about the Court's June 25 decision on the New York "school prayer" case: if this is what the First Amendment means now, then it contradicts what it meant on June 24 and for 173 years before then. The First Amendment indeed declares that "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion," and the substance of that injunction has never been at issue in this nation; but no American jurist, until the last decade or so of secularist obsession, and very few even in these ideologized days, would ever have dreamed that this simple and accepted rule that grew so naturally out of the circumstances of our nation's birth, could be twisted to prohibit teachers and pupils in our schools from saying—voluntarily—at the beginning of their day together, a brief, non-denominational prayer to which the ministers of all our major faiths have given their approval: "Almighty God, we acknowledge our dependence upon Thee, and we beg Thy blessings upon us, our parents, our teachers, and our country." We have moved a long way on the path toward despotism if we and our children may not express our faith that simply, where and when we choose. Can the solemn justices really believe that the foundations of the Republic tremble at the sound of childish voices saying those few and humble words? The justices, alas, are caught so tightly in the coils of their ideological obsessions that they no longer see the Republic's foundations.

Until 1925 and the *Gitlow* case, indeed until the first application in 1940 of the "substantive rights" principle only hinted at in the *Gitlow* case, no one had even guessed that the First Amendment (or the other Bill of Rights amendments) had any application at all to the states. Most of the states, in the nation's early years, *did* have established churches, and the federal government did not presume any right to interfere with the state establishments. The First Amendment meant what it clearly said and what everybody understood: to forbid "the setting up or recognition of a state [*i.e.*, national] church, or . . . the conferring upon one church of special favors and advantages which are denied to others," as it was straightforwardly explained in 1898 by Cooley's standard *Principles of Constitutional Law*. Cooley adds at once: "It was never intended by the Constitution that the government should be prohibited from recognizing religion . . . where it might be done without drawing any invidious distinctions between different religious beliefs, organizations, or sects."

Joseph Story, in his *Commentaries on the Constitution*, regarded as authoritative for one hundred years, notes of the traditional interpretation: "An attempt to level all religions, and to make it a matter of state policy to hold all in utter indifference would have created universal disapprobation [at the Constitutional Convention], if not universal indignation." James Madison himself had, in fact, plainly stated, when the First Amendment was pending in Congress, that "he apprehended the meaning of the words to be, that the Congress should not establish a religion,

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and enforce the legal observation of it by law, nor compel men to worship God in any manner contrary to their conscience."

Ironically enough, it was Justice William O. Douglas—whose concurring opinion on June 25 drew out the fanatic logic of secularism—who only eleven years ago summed up the accepted tradition in *Zorach* v. *Clauson* permitting released time for off-premise religious instruction: "We are a religious people whose institutions presuppose a Supreme Being. We guarantee the freedom to worship as one chooses. . . . When the state encourages religious instruction or cooperates with religious authorities by adjusting the schedule of public events to sectarian needs, it follows the best of our traditions. For it then respects the religious nature of our people and accommodates the public service to their spiritual needs. To hold that it may not would be to find in the Constitution a requirement that the government show a callous indifference to religious groups. That would be preferring those who believe in no religion over those who do believe. . . . We find no constitutional requirement which makes it necessary for government to be hostile to religion and to throw its weight against efforts to widen the effective scope of religious influence."

But since June 25, 1962, we have a new Constitution, which has annulled and suppressed the old. The Court has stood the First Amendment on its head. The Amendment was adopted in order to guarantee the religious liberty of the American community, with its plurality of faiths, against the kind of religious oppression from which they or their forebears had suffered from the established state churches of Europe, an oppression which was in many instances the motive for coming to the new continent. Now, since June 25, the First Amendment, as redefined by the Court, becomes a despotic weapon to prevent the American people from the natural and normal expression of their religious faith. The June 25 decision is an assault, precisely, on religious liberty. As the new Douglas argues in his concurring opinion, the logic of the decision goes all the way: to the elimination of chaplains from the armed services and Congress, of all references to God in official acts and ceremonies—even in the traditional clerk's opening of the Supreme Court itself; in short, to the total secularization of American life.

The wheel coming full circle, we confront again the same issue as did those who demanded and won the First Amendment: the fight for religious liberty.

2. *Counterattack: Phase One*

There is a petty, niggling, nasty quality about this school prayer decision. (Try explaining it to a group of children affected by it.) It seems to us certain that it expresses the conviction of, at most, ten per cent of the citizenry; some, as on most public matters, are doubtless indifferent; but there is without question an overwhelming majority that disagrees. Is that majority going to bow its head meekly to this usurpatory tribunal, accepting the decree that it must no longer bow its head in the public buildings erected by its own work and money?

The June 25 decision is only one episode, of course, in a history that began some years ago and has still a good while to run. This is not the first move made by the Court tending to submerge our traditional religious liberty under the cold hand of a purely secular state, not merely non-religious but in the end inevitably anti-religious — and therefore also anti-human; nor is it the last move. But this decision, because of its clear, simple, human reference, focuses the larger development and the full issue.

We therefore conclude that it is here we should begin (but not confine) our counterattack in defense of our threatened religious liberty—we, the vast majority of Americans, "a religious people," as Justice Douglas said of us. On June 25 the Supreme

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Court changed the First Amendment to its taste. Let us then reassert our understanding of its meaning, on this plain point immediately at issue, in plain terms that no court will be able to distort or deny. This we can do by demanding that our Congress, and then our state legislatures, ratify an unambiguous new amendment that will affirm—surely a modest enough right for a free people!—our freedom and our children's to pray together in our schools.

We are glad to note the formation of a Committee for Religious Liberty, a non-denominational group of citizens which will mount a campaign for such amendment to the Constitution of the United States. We hope that aroused citizens of every religious faith —and dare we hope that in the name of religious liberty, even those of no religious faith?—will back the movement, and will take joint initiative to see the Committee's endeavor through to a successful conclusion.

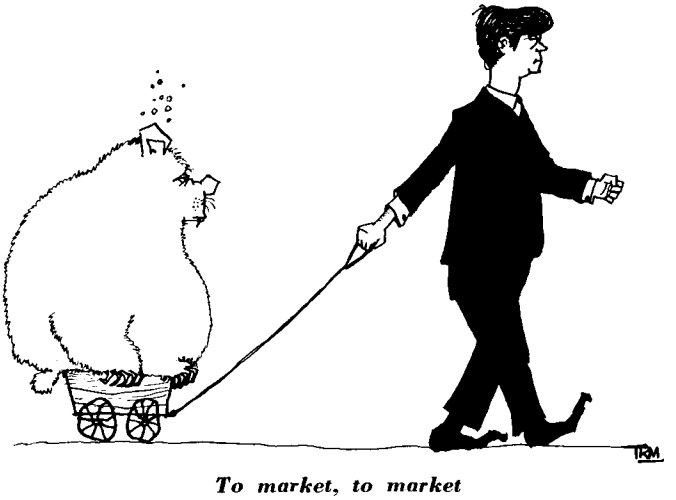
It is proposed:

Nothing in this Constitution shall be construed to prohibit the voluntary expression of belief in the existence and providence of God, or the voluntary saying of prayers addressed to God or the invocation of His Name and blessing, or the reading of the Bible, in any school, college, university or other educational institution.

Taylor vs. *Schlesinger*

Mr. Henry J. Taylor, the obstinately right-minded columnist and former ambassador to Switzerland, has had a telephone conversation with Presidential Advisor Arthur Schlesinger Jr. which began with Professor Schlesinger telling Mr. Taylor "You are an idiot," and ended with Professor Schlesinger telling Mr. Taylor "It is obvious to me that I write for people who have higher intellectual qualities than you possess." In between, the argument was over the question a) whether Mr. Schlesinger was getting money from publishers for the books and magazine articles he is constantly producing, and b) whether this doesn't conflict with JFK's ban against members of his staff earning sums of money other than those forcibly extracted from the taxpayers. Apparently Mr. Schlesinger, in addition to being affronted, was vague on the whole business of whether he was, or whether he wasn't, getting the money, and knew one thing only for certain, namely, that he is an intellectually superior being to Henry Taylor. Mr. Taylor concluded that Mr. Schlesinger is being paid for his extra-curricular work; though the issue is confused by a subsequent statement by Pierre Salinger to the effect that Mr. Schlesinger's earnings are being remitted to some charity or other.

It pains us to say it, because on matters of public policy Mr. Taylor is as consistently right as Mr. Schlesinger is consistently wrong, but on the trivial issue here at stake, we are absolutely four-square on Mr. Schlesinger's side. It is Puritanical extremism to require a man as articulate as Schlesinger to put away his typewriter for four years. We might back a bill of attainder requiring just that, for the good of the Republic; but not merely to hinder him from earning a few extra dollars after he has done his day's work, or to allay the suspicion that he will abuse his office. We have consistently, in NATIONAL REVIEW, challenged the narrow human constructionism of some of our exaggerated conflict of interest laws, and pause to remark that it has been the Left primarily that sharpened its teeth on them, and managed to drive many a decent, able and potentially useful public servant out of Washington, because of a natural unwillingness to sell privately-owned stock, in some cases in family-owned corporations. The same principle carries over here: just as a businessman going to Washington should not be required to sell out his stock, so a writer should not be required to become silent, nor to turn away funds that reward him for extra work performed—and Kennedy ought to rescind his silly edict. Is what we're saying self-serving? Obviously. When President Barry Goldwater appoints his Secretary of Education, we shall want Secretary Kirk to continue to write "From the Academy."



To market, to market

Full Moon for Kempton

Murray Kempton, probably the most entertaining, possibly the most gifted, and certainly the most eccentric newspaper columnist in the country, recently delivered a sick-speech before a meeting of Communists gathered to protest the McCarran Act at Manhattan Center. Kempton was the only non-Communist there, and did his best to extinguish the difference. "I particularly hoped that I would say nothing that

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implied I was a more virtuous man than anyone present . . ." The logic reached—strange, for Kempton—a tearing pitch of inhumanity. *"It is not extreme to say that in law . . . to be a Communist in America is what it was to be a Jew in a Nazi Germany in 1935 or a kulak in the Soviet Union in 1932"*: as though the German Jews could stop being Jewish or the kulaks stop farming—and are we stoking our Communists into death camps?

In our treatment of Robert Thompson, a Communist leader convicted for conspiring to advocate the overthrow of this government by force and violence, we have shown ourselves, said Kempton, as brothers under the skin with the totalitarians. *"Anyone who argues the justice of what we have done to this Communist cannot call to witness Stalin's sins or Khrushchev's sins or Mao Tse-tung's sins."* Anyone? We're anyone, aren't we? Who's not anyone, except the Communists, Murray Kempton, and maybe Dorothy Day? Kempton's mood is: so long as the Communists are persecuted, he will not criticize them: *"Some day, if you're ever put back on your feet again, I hope we may quarrel again."* And who will put back on their feet the men whom, meanwhile, the Communists are slaughtering and debasing all over the world? *"I think your association with those who are victims of trouble and bore their troubles will someday come to give you a place in history. . . . I salute you and I hope for times to better."*

The times could not be worse for Murray Kempton. One had the feeling, on reading his speech, that at least one member of the audience, seized with compassion, must have felt the impulse to slaughter an old revisionist there on the spot and turn to Kempton, and say, "For God's sake, Kempton, let me put you out of the misery of your delusions. This is the way we truly are. Go and sentimentalize elsewhere."

The Faulk Trial

The sociology of the decision last week in Faulk (John Henry) *v.* AWARE, *et al.*, we shall be dealing with at greater length in the weeks to come, in connection with the appeal that will be filed by the defendants against opera-bouffe damages (over three million dollars) awarded to Mr. Faulk for an alleged libelous conspiracy which aborted his career as a television personality. The principals are interesting people, and there are those who believe that what was going on was less a legal investigation of the rights of Mr. Faulk, than a test of power between two political factions—roughly speaking, the anti-Communist and the anti-anti-Communist factions in New York City.

Certainly it has not been left clear just what the meaning was of the action of the jury, worked up to fever pitch by the histrionics of Louis Nizer (of whom it is said that he gets, per hour of acting, almost as much as Clark Gable—though surely the latter had more compassionate directors. They would never have done to Gable what was done to Nizer, who thirty seconds after telling the jury that the defendant Lawrence Johnson, who had said he was too sick to appear in Court, suffered an ailment "not of the esophagus, but of the guts," was informed that Johnson had just died). What *is* the meaning of the case? That no private organization can organize a boycott against an artist under any circumstances? That is what some people are inferring ("leave it to the FBI . . ."). Or merely that the evidence against Faulk happened to be false and maliciously circulated?

Who knows? Nothing very much is known until the trial is studied. It will be studied from several aspects. One of them is the rulings of Hanging Judge Geller, who struck some as though he were playing a role as assistant to Louis Nizer. As we say, more anon.

Notes and Asides

We are pleased to note that NATIONAL REVIEW has won a smashing victory in our legal action to compel the authorities of Hunter College to make available its (publicly owned) auditorium for the continuation of the National Review Forums. Mr. Justice Jacob Markowitz of New York's Supreme Court handed down an elegantly worded decision, the burden of which was to instruct Hunter to come off it and behave like law-abiding people. Mr. Buckley, called by the press to comment, issued the following statement: "The editors of NATIONAL REVIEW are delighted by Judge Markowitz's decision and grateful to the New York Civil Liberties Union and in particular to counsel Stephen Vladeck for taking the position that even conservatives are entitled to fair play. We plan to reapply to President Meng of Hunter College for the use of Hunter's facilities for our forum programs next year. We shall be glad to sponsor, as the first of our series, a debate between the president of Hunter College on the one hand, and an advocate of the Bill of Rights on the other. We shall be glad for President Meng to be our guest at Hunter at any time."

Mr. Edward Bennett Williams has published a widely-noticed book in which he documents, among other things, his displeasure with NATIONAL REVIEW, which he finds guilty of having inconvenienced Adam Clayton Powell Jr. Mr. Buckley will review that book in the next issue.

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From Washington Straight

CATO

In recent months congressional mail has been increasingly critical of both the President and his program and this criticism has been echoed in visits to the hustings. As a result, most Republicans and a good many Democrats have become extraordinarily wary of Administration proposals. The vote to recommit the omnibus Freeman Farm Bill—on which 48 Democrats joined all but one Republican—was a clear illustration of this. Among the Republicans at least, there is a growing reluctance to place any confidence in the Executive, a sentiment which seems to have escaped a not inconsiderable number of Liberal newsmen, although there are inklings that some, James Reston of the *Times* among them, smell trouble in the air.

Cato

During the debate on the farm bill the general sentiment in the press galleries was that the bill would pass. In the final hours of the floor fight, with the Administration forces in the House desperately amending the bill to provide "sweeteners" for a whole slew of congressmen in the hope that this tactic would round up enough votes, the boys in the press gallery seemed almost completely unaware that the bill was in deep trouble. One nationally known syndicated columnist kept repeating "Larry O'Brien said this" and "Larry O'Brien said that" as proof positive that the bill would pass.

But the measure was doomed and it should have been obvious that it was to anyone who took the trouble to count noses shortly after noon. House Minority Leader Charles Halleck, who was at his gut-fighting best on that day, told an aide shortly before 1:00 PM that the GOP would "whup" the bill. Moreover, he came within three votes of predicting the outcome. When the dramatic motion to recommit the bill was introduced by Rep. Paul Findley (R., Ill.) around 8:00 PM and subsequently carried, the most surprised people in the place were the ones sitting in the press gallery.

Charlie Halleck got the credit for defeating the measure and nobody paid much attention to the 48 Democrats who provided the margin of victory. Nobody, that is, but the keepers of the scrolls at the White House who undoubtedly spent the morning busily putting black marks against their names in the Book of Patronage from which all blessings flow on the New Frontier.

Halleck got to the heart of the matter that Friday morning when he listed the reasons why the bill was defeated and concluded: "Of course it would have helped the Administration if it had been a good bill." That, it most decidedly was not.

A couple of interesting sidelights to the farm bill episode: Rep. Otis Pike (D., N.Y.) complained in a release that his "arm was sore from the twisting it got" in the Administration's search for votes. He was visited, it seems, by a Post Office Department official and gently reminded that the official was not there to talk about the eight new Post Offices Pike was seeking for his district, but to discuss the merits of the farm bill, which had somehow become important to the Post Office Dept.

In the waning hours of the debate, after half-a-hundred amendments had been offered, many of them just plain silly, Rep. Robert Griffin (of Landrum-Griffin fame) arose to offer an amendment of his own. The amendment provided that the number of employees in the Agriculture Department could not exceed the number of farmers in the nation. This measure was first passed by an overwhelming voice vote, but defeated when Majority Leader Carl Albert scoured the cloakrooms for supporters and then demanded a teller vote.

Recent developments around the Formosa Straits have intrigued some observers here. The first stories concerning the build-up of Red Chinese forces were apparently leaked by the White House to a few favored newsmen. The stories were pegged on "unidentified sources in London."

This intrigued more than a few seasoned foreign policy experts who have long known that the satellite embassies in London have been the source of more than one calculated Soviet "leak." Suspicion brightened when the Free Chinese, whose intelligence has proved most accurate concerning doings on the Chinese mainland, denied any signs of a build-up of Red forces opposite Formosa.

One school of thought here believes the Administration jumped head first into a trap prepared for it by Communist psywar experts. Their version of what happened is this:

Mainland China is in a desperate state. Widespread famine and starvation have led to a tinderbox situation which might erupt into open violence at any time. Free China, which keeps in close touch with conditions on the mainland, has stepped up its broadcasts and propaganda programs and it's even reported that small groups of paramilitary units have been slipped into Red China in recent weeks. Peiping is worried that Chiang might decide that the time was ripe to strike with or without the support of the United States government, confident that if widespread fighting and a revolt against the Mao dictatorship develop the United States will have to support Chiang's invasion.

If this is the situation, what could the Communists do to stave off disaster? According to the "trap" theorists, they would plant rumors of a build-up of Chinese strength opposite Quemoy and Matsu and even move troops in the area to confirm those reports and shock the United States into coming out against the use of force by either the Communists or the Free Chinese.

When President Kennedy issued his stern warning to *both* the Reds and Chiang against bellicose activity in the Formosa Straits, he could, they say, albeit unwittingly, have rendered Peiping a major service in keeping its subjects under control.

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The Third World War

Escalating Downward

JAMES BURNHAM

Prominent among the growth industries of the Cold War epoch are the "think factories" that have sprung up to meet the insatiable bureaucratic appetite for pre-packaged, quick-frozen ideas. The best known is the Air Force's RAND in Santa Monica. Most universities that are at all in the swim have an auxiliary think factory open for contracts, and there are others more frankly commercial that manage to extract a tidy net profit per idea delivered.

Some studies carried out by these enterprises are straightforward solutions of technical problems that arise, or might plausibly be expected to arise, in the protracted conflict: how many spare galoshes ought the Navy keep in reserve supply? what is the optimum evasion course for a Polaris submarine? what happens to leaflets dropped into a big city? But these humdrum and necessary researches are by no means enough to keep the think factories operating at full output, or to satisfy the loftier browed among both producers and customers.

The most distinctive of the think-factory products are the papers (classified) and attendant books (public) which construct a (theoretical) "model" within which the changes are rung on two or three special "concepts." Such model-building is often a form of what has come to be called Games Theory; and it is a game that any man of normal intelligence, equipped with a moderate amount of logic and methodology, can learn to play. Our leaders have absorbed many of the fashionable concepts devised by the gamesters: "strategic deterrent"; "first-strike force"; "second-strike force"; "doomsday machine"; "random staged local area disarmament"; "pre-emptive strike"; "post-Stalin thaw"; "Sino-Soviet split"; "polycentrism" and a host of others. Some of these concepts are useful as devices for clarifying the statement of problems and solutions. But since the gamesters seldom have much acquaintance with military or political realities, their abstract systems are often no more than intellectual diversions, like an arbitrary and inapplicable geometric system; and are sometimes dangerously misleading.

Concepts for Sale

Two favorite concepts of recent years are "N + 1" and "escalation." Both have had a powerful and harmful effect on U.S. policy.

"N + 1" refers to the problem of the achievement of nuclear weapons capability by additional nations. The standard think-factory conclusion is that the spread of nuclear capability is not only bad but terrible: that "N + 1" operates as an exponent, so that each new nuclearized nation means raising the danger of all-out nuclear war to a new power (*e.g.*, the present D^3 becomes D^4 when France joins the Club.) Although this "N + 1" concept has no empirical basis, it is a principal cause of our present bitter dispute with France and the resultant NATO crisis, as well as of our frantic concessions to Moscow on disarmament.

But "escalation" is still worse in its consequences for policy. "Escalation" refers to the possibility that any action we take against the enemy (or one of his associates) may provoke stronger counter-action; this in turn would require still stronger counter-counter-action on our part, and so on back and forth until even a small local episode might "escalate" all the way up to general nuclear war. Since most of our present policy-makers assume as their primary objective the avoidance of nuclear war, the escalation theory becomes in practice a taboo. Its practical effect is always to influence our leaders to do nothing, or the least possible; above all, to avoid *initiating* an action, since that might "provoke" the enemy into beginning the process of escalation.

The first triumph of the escalation taboo came in the Korean War, where we negated both nuclear weapons and beyond-the-Yalu bombings lest these should prove provocatively escalatory. Since then the taboo has become pervasive. It has much to do with our lack of response, or woefully inadequate response, in relation to Indochina, the Hungarian revolt, Tibet, Castro, the Berlin Wall, Laos, Fukien province, etc.

Stripped of jargon, there is nothing mysterious about "escalation." It confronts us in every competitive situation; and a prudent man estimates probable escalatory consequences before he does something that will injure or annoy his opponent. But it is not prudent to throw into the scale every time, before taking any action whatever, the totality of the worst possible consequences that logic can unearth. If these include an end term which you have rejected in advance, then the escalatory reasoning necessarily brings paralysis: as it has in fact done.

No Risk in the Grave

Our opponent knows about escalation, and takes it into account in deciding his moves. But he does not wear it like a strait jacket. He is ready to run certain escalatory risks—as all men must—to gain what he needs or wants. And he is shrewd in noting, and exploiting, *our* fear of escalation. We never did bomb beyond the Yalu, but he threw his troops across that river at the critical moment. Our escalatory restraint gave no immunity to his escalatory action: it only permitted him to marshal his forces at his ease and supply them from unthreatened bases. We place an escalatory taboo on sending our own or SEATO troops to fight in Laos, not to mention North Vietnam; but we gain no escalatory relief from the fighting units he sends down into Laos and through Laos to South Vietnam. We lay off Castro, but Castro, backed by Khrushchev, drives ahead in Venezuela, Guatemala, Guiana, Peru. Castro seems singularly unafraid of an escalatory boomerang.

In spite of the fancy intellectual packaging supplied by the think factories, the concept of "escalation," like so many of the others, seems to be scraped from the same old No-win barrel.

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Letter from London

Liberal Resurgence

ANTHONY LEJEUNE

Mr. Harold Wilson, who, Heaven help us, would probably be Chancellor of the Exchequer in a Labor Government, once observed bitterly: "Whichever Party's in office, the Liberals are in power." There is a sense in which quite a lot of us who do not share his views might echo the complaint. What he meant, however, was that the civil servants at the Treasury were all Liberals, believers in *laissez faire* and thus a clog on good socialist planning. If this were true, which unfortunately it isn't, they would be more liberal than the Liberal Party, which seems largely to have abandoned such old-fashioned doctrines.

The Liberal Party has been in the wilderness for a generation. Bitterness and an unsatisfied thirst for power sapped its vigor. But now it sees a green oasis of hope; or perhaps the mirage of one. There is a Liberal revival: everybody says so. New members are flocking to join the National Liberal Club, that tiled mausoleum which Lord Curzon once pretended to believe was a public lavatory considerately placed half-way between his home and the Foreign Office.

A few weeks ago there was a by-election in the London suburb of Orpington. A huge Conservative majority was wiped out and the Liberal candidate elected. In another by-election, the Labor candidate was elected but the Liberal came second and the Conservative bottom of the poll. Then in a round of local council elections the Liberals made big gains everywhere.

Mr. Jo Grimond, the Liberal leader, and his bright young men are now intolerably smug. The fact remains that they still hold only seven seats in Parliament. They speak of themselves as "a radical alternative to the Tories," but, however great the Liberal revival, they cannot in the foreseeable future be in any position to form a government.

What is much more likely, as Mr. Grimond said a fortnight ago, is that, by splitting the non-socialist vote, they will give power to the also resurgent Labor Party. If there were a General Election today, that would be the inevitable outcome. The Liberal revival must therefore be taken seriously, but it is the prospect of a Labor, not a Liberal Government which has to be faced.

From the purely domestic point of view it would be depressing rather than catastrophic. A Conservative government after ten years in office is still taking and spending 37 per cent of the national income. Perhaps the Laborites would hesitate to increase this vast burden, but they would certainly not diminish it; they would tighten, not relax, the constricting embrace of the Welfare State. If their belief in nationalization has been dimmed, their zeal for planning and compulsory egalitarianism remains as strong as ever.

Of more obvious importance to Britain's allies would be a Labor Government's foreign policy. Here too it is the pressures from its supporters as much as the views of the Labor Party leaders which have to be considered. Mr. Gaitskell, for instance, takes quite a tough line on defense. He believes in NATO, he believes in the Anglo-American alliance, he does not believe in unilateral disarmament: he is well aware of the Communist threat. But when he tried to address a May Day rally, he was shouted down by nuclear disarmers.

Mr. Gaitskell can probably hold his own left-wingers, but they remain a dangerous source of weakness. They have forced him to be feebly noncommittal about the Common Market. He himself would almost certainly favor Britain's entry, but he knows that many of his supporters see it as a capitalist trap.

The result is absurd. The Labor Party, if not opposed to the Common Market, will be at best tepid about it in the next election. The Liberals clamored for Britain's entry long before the Conservatives began to toy with the idea. But now the Liberals, by helping to defeat the Conservatives, may simply put a government in power which will keep Britain out of the Common Market.

The Liberal revival is not based on any real affection for the Liberals. It is a gesture of protest by the middle classes; that is why it splits the Conservative, rather than the Labor vote. Orpington is a white-collar district. Its housewives suffer from inflation. Its commuters complain of endlessly rising train fares. Its electors benefit neither from expense accounts and Stock Exchange killings nor from the extortionate power of the trade unions. They feel neglected by both the major parties. So they voted Liberal.

The Liberals are also helped by sheer boredom with the Government. The Tories have created the impression of a Party running before the wind: the wind of change in Africa, the inflationary wind of trade union demands at home, a bullying wind from Washington. Mr. Macmillan himself is partly the cause. He is an immensely shrewd politician. His celebrated "unflappability" charms troubles away. If his ship is running before the wind, he contrives to suggest that he would have been steering in that direction anyway. He shows continued confidence in colleagues whose patent lack of caliber terrifies everyone else.

His government is not the government which I, or any other real conservative, would wish to see: but it is the best government we have any chance of getting. The prospect of the next General Election is alarming. But Mr. Macmillan is a very shrewd electoral tactician and it is unlikely that he can be bluffed or prodded into calling for new elections at this time by recent—and extremely significant—Conservative defeats at the polls. The election need not take place for another two years. By that time the Common Market issue will have been settled one way or the other, and the Government will take credit either for a bold step into Europe or a wise refusal to go in. Skillfully timed tax reductions and pay rises should create a prosperous atmosphere before polling day—and no one need count the inflationary cost until afterwards.

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Canada: Big Day for Social Credit

Maj. Douglas' "funny money" party of the '30s today holds the balance of power in Ottawa and could, says the author, become the national party of the Right

DONALD COXE

On June 18, the greatest majority in Canadian parliamentary history disappeared somewhere in the rugged backwoods of Quebec. But the men of Lester Pearson were not around to take the place of the French Tories who are now gone, for a new brand of French politician came stomping out of the woods to march on Ottawa, bearing the banner of Social Credit. These 26 French Social Credit Party members joined four others from western Canada to form the third largest group in the House and hold the balance of power in a shaky legislature. The Socialist NDP sulked at falling to last place in popularity behind the despised *Créditistes*, and the Liberal press recoiled in horror at the electors' whims. Quebec East, the riding [electoral district] that sent Wilfred Laurier, Ernest Lapointe and Louis St. Laurent to Ottawa, three of the greatest leaders in Canadian history, chose an electrician *Créditiste* over Maurice Lamontagne, marked to be Pearson's French lieutenant.

The election, commented American Liberal Senator Maurine Neuberger, was "tragic," because so much power was given to the "irresponsible" Social Credit Party. The *Washington Post* was similarly moved.

Messiah of the Wheatlands

Is the Social Credit Party irresponsible, or more relevantly, is it more irresponsible than Canada's other three parties? Where did Social Credit come from?

Canadian Social Credit originated in the Alberta of the Depression. The great wheatlands yielded only marginal subsistence to those fortunate farmers with money for seed grain; many turned from the land and drifted away. Those who remained were bitter. They had no control over the forces of nature and no control either, apparently, over threatening economic forces. The price of grain tumbled to a few cents a bushel; farmers were unable to meet their mortgage payments and foreclosures drove them from their land.

Into this desert there came the new gospel of a curious Messiah, Major C. H. Douglas; he offered the prairie farmer a Devil to blame for his economic distress, in such pungent passages as:

> It may be asked why the banks only pay a dividend of 25 per cent [*sic*] or so. The answer is simple. Their real earnings are measured by the control over industry which they acquire—earnings so rapid that in a few years the control will be absolute, if not checked. The amount distributed in dividends is, or could be, any desired dividend on this capital control.

Aha! It was the Jewish international bankers who were to blame! Break their monopoly on money issue and everyone will be rich!

Central to Douglas' weird theory was the A plus B theorem. Factory cost of goods is equal to A (payments to individuals: wages, bonuses, dividends) plus B (payments made to other organizations: raw materials, bank charges, and other external costs). Douglas baldly asserted that purchasing power was equal to A. Therefore, the general public will never have enough resources to buy all the production.

It will be seen that this is a muddy and confused restatement of Marx's Surplus Value of Labor theory, except that Douglas includes part of the capitalists' profit in A. The fallacy lies in its failure to realize that B is a function of the interrelation of capital and labor; a large part of B represents income to individuals and will therefore be includable in any rational compendium of the ingredients of purchasing power.

Douglas' solution to this imaginary eternal deficit was to issue a "national dividend" to make up this "unearned increment." The increment is derived from the community, he said, and so should be reimbursed to it. The comparison with Marx is again relevant because of the spurious notion of community rights to individual property.

To prevent inflation, Douglas resuscitated the old idea of the "just price." He had a gorgeously pretentious formula for deriving this magical figure.

Fundamentalist Frenzy

If Douglas was the Messiah of Social Credit, William Aberhart was certainly its St. Peter. Aberhart was a school principal and fundamentalist lay preacher who started making radio broadcasts in 1925 from the Prophetic Bible Institute in Calgary. He became converted to Social Credit in the fall of 1932, and gradually Major Douglas began to ooze in between St. Mark and St. John on the broadcasts. It was easy for Aberhart to equate the conspiracy of the bankers with the activities of Satan. The dividend as an all-embracing panacea appealed to a man who thought of all problems in simple terms. Since almost all bankers were easterners, there was also an appeal to western sectionalism.

The distrust of eastern bankers recalls the career of William Jennings Bryan, another well-known religious fundamentalist. Like Bryan, Aberhart believed that the farmer's troubles found their roots in an unduly hard currency. Both movements sprang from "bible belt" areas and include heavy doses of religious frenzy.

A highly successful means for spreading the word was Aberhart's "Man from Mars" broadcasts. These programs featured interviews with a

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learned celestial visitor who decried the obtuseness of earthlings for failing to use Social Credit to end poverty and attain freedom. The result of these broadcasts and Aberhart's other efforts was that Social Credit spread across Alberta with all the warm suddenness of a Chinook wind.

In August 1935, Aberhart was elected Premier of Alberta in a landslide. Hymns of joy were sung in thousands of homes across the province, and voters assumed that the $25 dividend was on its way. Enthusiasts envisioned using airplanes to fly over the prairie, dumping out bales of money. Legislation was soon passed gleefully aimed at the hated bankers.

Several influences conspired to moderate this heady beginning. The courts struck down most important legislation as unconstitutional. The drought was finally broken, and the land was green again. The Depression gradually lifted, and with it the price of wheat. Then came the war and economic revival. Finally came the discovery of large reserves of oil.

Aberhart died in 1943, and his successor, E. C. Manning, has continued as Premier of Alberta ever since. "Funny money" has been forgotten, and the administration is sound, conservative and efficient. The party holds a phenomenal 60 out of the 63 seats in the Legislature, because only the odd crank can be found who is critical of the regime. The "Socreds" as they are called, have freed Alberta from debt, attracted billions in outside capital on reasonable terms, and remained remarkably scandal-free.

The Bennett Imprint

The first extension of Social Credit beyond Alberta came with a narrow victory in British Columbia in 1952. This is a Social Credit Party with a difference—the difference being its leader, W. A. C. Bennett. Following his failure to win the Tory leadership, Bennett became a Socred just in time for the 1952 election.

Bennett is domineering, if slightly daft, and the party bears his imprint. His policies are a mass of ideological confusion. His government is opportunistic, tightly disciplined, and scornful of the Opposition to such a degree that British traditions of civility and politeness in Parliament are completely ignored. The Socreds are hated by all the union bosses, because in British Columbia unions can now be sued in court.

Bennett raised a furore internationally by his expropriation of B. C. Electric. Many foreign investors have misunderstood the rationale of the takeover because of the highhanded and intemperate way it was handled. While the comparison with Castro may seem reasonable, the facts should be put into their B. C. context. B. C. Electric was a hated institution. Not one Opposition member voiced an objection to its expropriation; indeed, the Socreds were the last to be converted to the idea of nationalization, and had even fought an election campaign opposing the grab.

Power Project

Taxes proved to be the determining factor in their decision to nationalize. Most of the rest of Canada gets its power from public, rather than private companies. Ontario's power company has been government-owned for half a century. As Crown Corporations, the Provincial power companies are not subject to the 52 per cent corporation tax. Bennett tried to get Ottawa to refund to B. C. the tax revenues it collected from B. C. Electric, on the ground that the other provinces were getting an unfair break. Ottawa refused. When the Socreds decided to go ahead on Peace River power development, they also made up their minds about expropriation: moneys being drained off by Ottawa to help finance huge handouts to prairie farmers could be better spent on electric power generation.

Seen in this light, the expropriation does not suggest further takeovers. Westcoast Transmission *et al.* are safe as long as Bennett remains in power.

Bennett is a politician who delights in the grand gesture and big boast. He claims to have freed B. C. of debt, conveniently ignoring the heavy indirect obligations of the Province, which would look worse if the hideous example of Saskatchewan were not so obvious.

Bennett's display on the occasion of the "end" of B. C.'s debt was characteristic. Millions of dollars' worth of redeemed bonds were piled on a raft and soaked with gasoline. While the raft bobbed in Lake Okanagan, Bennett delivered a lengthy oration to the gathered thousands. TV cameras zeroed in on the scene to carry the event across the province. When Bennett had finished, he slowly and impressively readied himself with a large bow, and then fired a flaming arrow at the raft. He missed. A second arrow fizzled out in the lake. The Premier changed bows. Preparing for an epic shot, he pulled the string way back and took careful aim. The string snapped, cutting his ear; the flaming arrow fell at his feet and had to be hastily extinguished. In desperation, an aide was sent stealthily out in a small boat. This hero set the bonds ablaze, and all but immolated himself as the flames whooshed up from the raft. He tumbled backwards into the lake and had to be rescued from drowning. The fiasco was greeted with applause.

Not all the public displays by the Social Credit have been so humorous. An anti-Semitic core has been noticeable in the Socred Party, dating from its Jewish banker-hating era. Some Socred members in the national Parliament were notorious for lengthy diatribes on the menace of international Jewry and "political Zionism," John Blackmore and Norman Jaques most notable among them. This crackpot element seems to have disappeared, or been purged, although the mention of the name Rothschild may raise the hackles of many a Socred. Those well-worn Protocols of the Elders of Zion were read and believed by many a horrified Socred. However, both Provincial Socred administrations have good records in this regard, in spite of the continued accusations from Liberal quarters that the party itself is anti-Semitic.

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Even Manning and Bennett are tarred as such by a surprising number of Canadian Liberals. A check with the Canadian Jewish Congress reveals that this unfair attack is not supported by that very responsible organization.

Like its Western counterparts, the Quebec branch of the party is the work of one man—Rouyn car dealer Réal Caouette, a spellbinding orator and skilled television performer. The national leader of the party, Alberta chiropractor Robert Thompson, was along for the record, but the smashing victory in Quebec is Caouette's, and the reasons were regional.

Quebec had been a Catholic, French-speaking, semi-feudal island in a fast-moving river until World War II. The economy was agrarian, and the society was happy with its highly developed measure of church control.

The war ushered in the beginnings of a spectacular social revolution. Since that time, outside capital, largely American, has developed the Province. Industrialization has drawn young men and women from the farms to work in urban mills and factories, where they pass beyond the influence of their local parish and its traditions.

During this period of ferment, the political arena in Quebec was dominated by Maurice Duplessis. His party, *Union Nationale,* appealed to the rural electorate and stood for French-Canadian nationalism.

Socreds Lambaste Liberals

In 1959, Duplessis died; deprived of his fiery leadership, the party died too. Capitalizing on charges of graft and corruption in *Union Nationale,* the Quebec Liberal Party under Jean Lesage swept the polls in the next Provincial election. The Liberals claimed to speak for the new spirit of the times, for the new Quebec, marching along the road to industrialization. Substantial government intervention in private affairs developed swiftly.

The collapse of *Union Nationale* had left a vacuum in Quebec politics; this was quickly filled by the Socreds. Caouette began a series of television programs in which he lambasted the the Liberals for their socialistic tendencies and deplored the disintegration of the village society and the waning influence of the Church. His most forceful point was that the Liberals and their ilk were destroying French Canada.

As the Quebec Liberals doubled the debt, increased ties with English Canada, and promoted such avowedly left-wing figures as René Levèsque to be Minister of the Interior, Caoette's influence grew. Not only were the farmers concerned, but small businessmen joined the movement with enthusiasm reminiscent of the Poujadist upsurge in France. These men were worried about the rising taxes and increased role of government.

It is obvious that in Quebec, Social Credit represents an old way of life. If it can escape hardening of the arteries, it may be a sound guardian of French identity in an era of rapid change.

In Quebec, the French nationalist Social Credit Party has stolen the thunder of the separatist movement by offering the voter a party that looks to a solution of Quebec's problems within confederation. In Alberta and British Columbia the Party has repudiated funny money.

Like many conservative movements, Social Credit is more precise about what it is against than what it is for. It is unflinchingly anti-Communist and anti-socialist, and is the only Canadian Party to oppose further grain sales to Red China. Perhaps this is what Mrs. Neuberger and the *Post* meant when they denounced its victory as tragic . . .?

The Social Credit Party, as yet unformed and immature, may develop into a really important national party. In Alberta, it's a Christian conservative party; in B. C., a party of the moment; in Quebec, its appeal is to French nationalism and small business. On balance it may well be that the movement is, in a somewhat fumbling manner, evolving into the party of Canada's political Right. If so, the butterfly has emerged from a curious cocoon indeed.

The Phrase Merchants

W. H. VON DREELE

It is late at night, but the lights still burn brightly at the most famous address in Washington, D.C. Tomorrow, the President of the United States will make an important policy speech. Seated around a table, three of his closest advisers—Walt Rostow, McGeorge Bundy and (who else?) Arthur Schlesinger Jr.—are fighting gallantly with syntax and phraseology. Their conversation may have gone something like this:

Rostow: Now, where were we?
Bundy: We've got him saying: "Sink or swim with Ngo Dinh Diem."
Rostow: Right. Now we want to give him more flexibility, the feeling of less rigidity.
Schles: How about, and although we shall never negotiate out of fear, we shall never fear to negotiate?
Bundy: Didn't Roosevelt say that?
Rostow: So what? If it worked then, don't let's knock it now. Play that one back once more, will you Art?
Bundy: And with *feeling.*
Schles: (Glaring at Bundy) Let's see now . . . It's difficult to reconstruct these things accurately, but I think it went something like, in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we . . .
Rostow: Abe, er, Art's been working hard lately on *Roosevelt As I Think I Knew Him,* so let's everybody take a breather here and . . .
Schles: There's nothing wrong with me. Historians skip centuries occasionally, that's all. Now how about, don't ask what America can do for you, but rather what *you* can do . . .
Bundy: We said that at the Inaugural.
Rostow: Yes, Art, as I recall Sorensen nailed that one down. It's a *great* line, but we need something fresh . . .
Schles: Okay, okay! How about, is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at . . .
Bundy: You're making me cry.
Rostow: No kidding, Art, why don't you take a quick dip in the pool?
Schles: I'm sticking. There is no place which cannot be defended if brave men will make it so.
Bundy: We *said* that already!
Schles: I care not what others may say, but as for me, give me . . .
Rostow: Give him a towel.
(They both escort Schlesinger from the room while he continuously repeats: "Let's get America on the move *again! Let's get America . . .")*

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Letter from the Continent

Algeria: Sad Independence Day

E. v. KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN

Nothing seems more futile these days for a journalist than to write about Algeria, yet the events in North Africa in the last weeks have more than passing significance. The Algerian tragedy assumes a different character each time the observer and analyst changes his position; its aspects vary almost from day to day.

Kuehnelt-Leddihn

The OAS has been very sharply criticized by almost the entire European press for a form of warfare which was generally styled barbarous and unworthy of Frenchmen. I share these views and believe I have the moral right to do so as I have always been a critic of every form of indiscriminate, *i.e.*, total warfare.

Before we go any further we ought to realize also that the men (and women) of the OAS are in no way "right-wingers" or "ultra-rightists." They are nationalists in the best (or, if you like, worst) tradition of the French Revolution. Many of them are Masons. Many of their leaders avowedly belong to the Left (as did Salan, but not Jouhaud). Many of them profess no religion. A great many are Jews. They have no discernible ideological profile.

They are, however, members of a minority and they want to survive in the land of their fathers. They do not think that the Evian treaty assures to them a life of freedom and in this they may well be right. They are convinced that in intelligence, thrift, energy and courage they are superior to the Arabs and Berbers—and in all likelihood they are. And they cannot get used to the idea that they should become subservient to the Moslems.

Democracy is majority rule and they are a minority. Even if in an independent Algeria the Moslem majority should abide by the rules of liberal democracy, the *colons* still would exert very little political pressure. In order to prosper they would need more than equality; they would need privileges.

Not only in the United States, but also in Europe, cliché-thinking prevails. Hence the *colons*, who have committed the unpardonable crime of opposing the prevailing "winds of history," are depicted as aristocratic landowners with clerico-fascist leanings for whom the poor Moslems slave on vast estates. Nothing, of course, is further from the truth. Only 8 per cent of the *colons* are engaged in agriculture, predominantly as smallholders. The rest represent simply "modern society" in Algeria; they are the highly skilled mechanics, the station masters, the road engineers, the doctors, the printers, the factory foremen, the telegraphers, the chartered accountants, the revenue assessors, the chain store operators, etc. Without them Algeria could not exist for a single week as a modern country. Without their taxes and without the remittances sent home to Algeria by Algerian workers in France, living standards would fall back to pre-colonial levels.

All this the *colons* know only too well. Personally, I do not particularly like them. They are not overly friendly, in fact a difficult crowd. Only a little more than half of them are of French origin. Many of them despise *les sales Arabes*, who are afraid of them. They are very tough, they are also courageous. Cruel and courageous.

When they felt betrayed by France, a country for which they have the same limited enthusiasm as the average Australian has for Britain, they took matters in their own hands and tried to demonstrate to the FLN that Paris simply cannot "deliver the goods." They started (literally) to "terrorize" the Moslems, to send the French-speaking population back to France and to destroy public buildings. They demonstrated a willingness to carry through a scorched earth policy to the end, and then initiated negotiations with the FLN, knowing the full extent of their bargaining power.

It should not be forgotten that the FLN has used exactly the same methods as the OAS which in its seven-year revolt actually started the horrors in North Africa. The FLN has murdered old men, women and children. It has committed sadistic atrocities (apart from mere murder) against which our leftist press hardly ever protested. But then theirs was a Holy War against Colonialism.

At the moment the final outcome of this deadly upheaval cannot possibly be foreseen, even if a separate peace is signed between the OAS and the FLN. Extremists and moderates are split on both sides. Yet even if these growing schisms can be overcome, there remains a mountain of unsolved questions such as: will the separate treaty be respected by both sides? Will metropolitan France agree to it? Will some or most of the *pieds noirs* return to North Africa? Will any plebiscite held under the circumstances yield usable data and offer an objective picture of prevailing sentiments?

Metropolitan France faces equally grave problems. The weekly *La Nation Française*, a level-headed, right-wing paper, constantly asks a pertinent question: what is France going to do concretely to protect her Moslem friends and "collaborators"—the 400,000, 500,000, perhaps even a million *harkis* (rural defense corps members) and their families who are now defenseless against the revenge of FLN torturers and executioners? How will the "returned" *colons* affect French political life? They may well prove to be political dynamite. And how will metropolitan France restore her profoundly shaken authority after having shown herself unable to impose law and order even among Frenchmen in North Africa? The future of France—whatever the next days may bring—is more opaque than ever. Since man emphatically does not live by bread alone, France, with all her skyrocketing prosperity, might well be turned into another Algeria (and Algeria into another Congo).

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Odyssey of a Mugwump

Step right up and read all about it, a strictly from the hip impression of what's up politically from Auburn, N.Y. to St. Louis, Mo.

D. J. STEWART

Anyone motoring westward during this summer of distraction will find among the most impressive phenomena—after the uniform lumpishness of service station attendants in Indiana, the tedious road system of Ohio, and the abysmal cooking all through the Midwest—the stirrings of politicians as they take the field to save the nation and mislead the people. As the great biennial war-dance begins, one cannot fail to be impressed as these brave patriots crawl forth from their cocoons of rationality to appear resplendent in the raiment of hyperbole, obfuscation, subterfuge and pure, lyrical inanity. It somehow makes the trip less wearing to find at each caravansery and oasis of the 3,000-mile journey from New York to Los Angeles, some new *candidatus* performing the great American ritual, operating under the primordial rubric of *balonus perennis.*

Our trip took us from central New York via Erie, Pa. (which, in the immortal words of Sellar and Yeatman, "is not a good thing"), to Columbus, Ohio; then Route 40 to St. Louis, and thence on Route 66, America's answer to the Orient Express, through the terrifying blind corners of Missouri roads, the hiatus of the Oklahoma turnpikes, the hallucination of the Texas panhandle, New Mexico (the most charming American state), Arizona (stronghold of Barry Goldwater, air-conditioners and retired dentists), to California, the mythical island of the Amazons immortalized in *Las Sergas de Esplandián.*

Seriatim, we begin with New York, where the constituents of Mr. William P. Miller, GOP National Chairman, unimpressed that their tribune has made the big time, have (at least in the western part of the district) been dreaming dreams of pulling the chair out from under the Republican *Feldherr.* The reasons for their annoyance seem to stem from purely local issues. The Hon. John Taber, rustic philosopher emeritus of Auburn, having been scared half to death in 1960 by the challenge of Francis Souhan, a pro-business, pro-tariff, anti-grammar Democrat, has declined to run again, even with the help of the "Rockymander." Rocky the Toothsome certainly stirs no enthusiasm upstate, but no great urgency for his removal seems to exercise the populace. He seems to be the most *un*popular popular Governor around these days. The upstaters are unhappy over his tax program, bored by his grandstanding on world problems, and immune to his grin. Undoubtedly many would shed no tears if Lord Nelson were torpedoed, but there seems little interest in doing anything about it, especially if that were to involve voting for a Democrat. Rocky will undoubtedly win, if for no other reason than through his efforts to make up for his annoying taxes with that always serviceable ploy, abuse of New York City and all its works and pomps. The new Conservative Party may make an impression in the Mohawk Valley, but not if it talks in the accents of Nassau and Westchester.

The Ohio campaign is a gorgeous affair, a pageant rather than a drama, with as many characters as *Henry IV.* First off, we have one sitting Democratic Governor, Mike DiSalle, just reviving from a bruising primary fight with the Attorney General, Mr. McElroy, in which he received barely 52 per cent of the Democratic vote and lost Cayahoga County (Cleveland), receiving less than 40 per cent of the vote there. The Democratic primaries in Ohio—popularly known as the "Irish Sweepstakes"—are usually a brawl, but this was worse than usual, because Mr. Ray Miller, Liege Lord of the Democratic Organization of Cleveland, acknowledges relatively few feudal dues to anybody up to and including a Democratic Governor: Miller supported McElroy. In the GOP primary, the expected victor, Mr. James Rhodes, State Auditor, spent most of his time belaboring the Governor. Most politicos concede that he scored a good many points. Now the candidates, most of their shot spent, are tacking and testing the wind. And naturally, the issue is money.

The Auditor—a flashy former mayor of Columbus, twice unsuccessful candidate for Governor—has been brandishing not only the budget, but also audits of the Governor's office and household. This is only moderately effective: Ohio faces nothing like the bankruptcy of Michigan or Illinois, but spending *has* gone up; some of the audits include the previous (Republican) O'Neill administration and are thus defused. The really potent factors are more poetic, it would seem: the imponderable loyalties of Ray Lewis and Mr. McElroy; the fact that the 1958 recession has never been cured, and that any protest vote from the barely-employed, after four years of a Democratic Governor and two years of a Democratic President, may very well go the opposite direction this time.

In addition, there is a race for Representative-at-Large this year. A political bad joke named Kennedy captured the Democratic nomination against a field of nine; the Republican is—naturally—the son of Senator Robert A. Taft, assistant GOP leader in the State House. Of course both sides will charge that the other is

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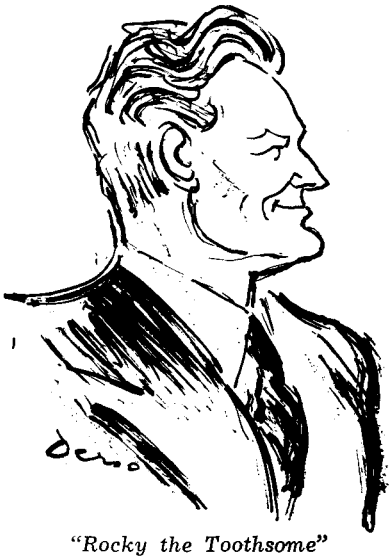
merely capitalizing on a name. The irrational vote brought out by this contest may radically affect all the other contests. Off in never-never land is the contest between the legendary Senator Frank Lausche and one John Marshall Briley, who is campaigning with the slogan, "Elect a *Real* Republican," which gives you an idea of his chances. The comparison with *Henry IV* was perhaps inexact; the situation is more like the



"Rocky the Toothsome"

Morte d'Arthur, and the Merlin of the piece (saving the best for last) is the canny and fascinating Ray Bliss, State GOP Chairman (and probably the only state chairman who is not a fugleman of an officeholder). In fact, the real contest is between DiSalle and Bliss, both respecters of one another's skill.

In an exhilarating hour's chat, Bliss regaled your reporter with facts and figures, vignettes of past campaigns, theorems, calculations, technical terms such as "add-on" vote, "circulation area," and so on. Mr. Bliss says less about the coming campaign; one must extrapolate from his theories about past campaigns. His basic philosophy is conservative enough, but he feels that his job is to elect Republicans, for the GOP must be the vehicle of any conservative theory. He does not wish to strain at gnats. And—most important—he cannot weep if a slightly more Liberal candidate becomes the nominee. Actually, the much-hymned genius of Ray Bliss seems a reputation built mainly upon an untiring exercise of common sense upon various technical problems, and perhaps it is a commentary upon our nation that common sense seems rarer and rarer among public figures. He takes politics seriously: that is, he respects the political process, and he is in politics because he enjoys it—which is to say that he approaches politics like a Democrat!

Thus in Ohio the ultimate result depends upon the skill of two duellists, DiSalle and Bliss, and the degree to which they can control the irrational elements of the campaign (the spleen of Miller, the inevitable clownishness of Kennedy *v.* Taft), minimize the trivial elements (the Republicans having taken to spelling the Governor's name Di$alle, the Dems spell the Auditor's name, R?odes), and concentrate in winning the right counties big, yielding the wrong counties dearly, and running up good coverage in the papers, for Ohio is an exceptionally Newspaper-Conscious State, and except for the shrilly partisan *Columbus Dispatch,* the newspapers seem to enjoy lambasting both sides.

Colorful Buncombe

On to Route 40 and Indiana, if you avoid the speed traps, the blind curves, and the Hoosiers who think it's fun to drive at night without lights, with luck and daring you may reach Indianapolis, where holds forth M. Stanton Evans, known to readers of *NR* as an eloquent defender of conservative theory and one of the greatest patriots since Sitting Bull. Mr. Evans was out of town; the Democrats were holding a convention. Good reason enough. The Dems were meeting to select a hand-picked nominee, a Mr. Birch Bayh (rhymes with "search high"), to oppose Senator Homer Capehart. The candidate was being rammed through by the state organization, to face almost certain defeat. In such circumstances, being Democrats, they were staging a bloody uproar over this evanescent symbol. Some of the grand sachems were wondering, and others presuming to know, what the farmer is thinking, ignoring the question so glaringly begged, Does the farmer think? It is doubtful. The art of demagogy is usually discussed with reference to the city mobs. Students of this *genre* should attend a Midwestern state convention. It is a much better-developed and much more colorful species of buncombe. It is amusing to hear lawyers trained at Amherst, Princeton, Harvard and Rutgers violating the English language to please the over-all vote. By actual tabulation, 52 per cent of Midwestern politicians split infinitives, 58 per cent mispronounce "government," 66 per cent "expenditure" or any other word ending in -ture, 75 per cent pronounce Washington as if it contained an "r," and over 90 per cent say *de*tail, *cam*paign, *con*vince and *re*spect. Moreover, here we find the great questions of the day reduced to a formula which could be expressed, with only slight misquotation, in the old Yiddish phrase: *Was iz gut far Iden?*

Conservative Surge

An important caveat is implied for conservatism in the Midwest. At present, except for farm programs, the axioms of frugality, self-reliance, and free enterprise are on everyone's lips; Liberalism is a villain with its attendant narcotics of government spending, welfare, deficits, internationalism and the like. But this is the

"The Legendary Lausche"

area that so cruelly frustrated the Republicans in 1958 and turned to the "party of free spending," succumbing to the demagogy of Liberalism, we are told. Well, those who can be herded by demagogues are inflammable dolts, rustic or urban. Presumably, once a dolt always a dolt. A conservative surge through the Midwest will serve as a fragile foundation for intelligent conservative hopes in years to come.

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In Illinois, the Democrats' Mr. Republican, Everett Dirksen, is running for re-election against a man whose name few Democrats can remember. Oh well, he will probably make a good federal judge, since he is giving up his House seat to run. Governor Kerner is facing a Michigan-like situation: the Republican Legislature is refusing to work, and near-bankruptcy faces the state. Apparently Midwestern Republicans are seriously adopting the Michigan-ploy with cold calculation, to bring down or frustrate Democratic governors all over the heartland. At least Otto Kerner is no Soapy Williams; this is his first term, and the original deficit was inherited from a Republican governor. But the Republicans are making an issue of budget items (welfare, naturally, is the most talked about) on which they never shied before. The vigorous, revivalistic fervor of Republicans is the most fascinating public spectacle between the Mississippi and the Ohio this summer. It seems to be a two-stage program: to drive the Democrats out of the area, except for toeholds in the cities, and into the South and the seacoasts; then, with added strength, to recapture control of the GOP from Park Avenue and the Main Line.

From southern Illinois (which, like Indiana and Ohio) is becoming largely an annex of Kentucky and Tennessee through population shifts, we coast into St. Louis, a wonderful city in many ways. The watchword of Missouri politics this year is Ho-Hum. The most arresting public activities in St. Louis are (in descending order of importance): a gas war, the departure of Bill Mauldin, and the candidacy of yet another Kennedy for some county office. Perhaps *all* candidates should change their names to Kennedy and thus equalize the situation. Missouri is not moving with the massive conservative upsurge; it is not moving against it. Missouri is massively sitting down and drinking coffee. Senator Ed Long will probably win (if anybody remembers to vote). Things are very quiet. Even the hitchhikers sit down.

Final notes: It is safe to say that the GOP will gain extensively in the Midwest this fall. It is *not* safe to have New York license plates in Indiana. One *should* be a litter-bug: it helps unemployment.

Special Report

A Proposal for the Airlines

WILLIAM F. RICKENBACKER

Recent labor problems have brought the airline industry into the news again and reminded us of its precarious condition. The bulk of the current discussion can be divided into two camps: those who would place the industry under still more intricate government regulation, and those who would let it operate as freely as possible.

Without going into that major discussion, I'd like to offer a proposal that should save the typical major airline about $10 million a year while actually improving the service it gives the traveler. The savings will arise from a permanent solution of the "no show" problem and a complete dismantling of the reservations system. It is merely this: do away with the reservations system entirely.

Instead of making the passenger go through the rigmarole of initial call, evidence of payment, pickup of ticket, reconfirmation, and all the rest, why not sell tickets the way we sell $20 billion worth of negotiable securities each year? Let the airlines sell their tickets, in massive blocks, to the brokerage community, at prices determined by normal competitive underwriting methods; and let the brokerage community make a market in the tickets.

This will do away, immediately, with the necessary communications networks the airlines maintain. For the financial industry already covers the entire country, down to the smallest town, with a communications network that is unrivalled for the speed and accuracy of its operation. Anyone who has a checking account can call his bank, order a share of stock, and have delivery of it within four business days. If airline tickets were traded on a financial exchange, anyone who has a checking account could call his bank, order an airline ticket, and have it within a few days.

From the standpoint of the airlines, this procedure would eliminate the enormous expense of maintaining a reservations and communications network. It would eliminate the "no show" problem, because the airlines, by definition, would sell every seat on every trip, at a varying discount to the brokers. Then passengers who can't use their tickets can sell them on the open market to someone who wants them. If a flight is canceled at the last moment, the airline will produce alternate equipment, just as it does now, and with no more than the present inconvenience. Moreover, the airline will have predictable income over short periods. If it sells its tickets for three months ahead, in a single block, then it knows to the dime what revenue it has available to cover the next three months of operations.

Another advantage to the airline will be that it will escape, to some extent, the problems of seasonal traffic. Tickets during the Christmas travel season, for example, will command a premium in the market. The brokers will know they may be able to sell every ticket, so they'll bid high for the whole block. They'll sell as high as the market demand will dictate, even as stocks and bonds and short-term options are sold. Travelers will tend to avoid the peak seasons if they do not wish to pay the premium for scarce tickets, and the travel flow will level out to some extent.

From the standpoint of the passengers, this suggestion has obvious merits. I have already mentioned the simplicity of getting a ticket: call your local banker, or your stockbroker, and you have what you want almost immediately, and you needn't make another call. If you find you can't use your ticket, you can sell it immediately, though perhaps at declining prices the closer you come to flight time. On the other hand, if you wish to sell a Christmas Eve ticket, you may even make a small profit. In any case, the penalty you incur as a result of your changing your mind is properly yours, and it

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should not be borne, as it is now, by the airlines in lost revenue, or by other people, who would be willing to pay for a ticket if you hadn't hogged the reservations. Another advantage to the traveler would be his opportunity to shop around. The market quotations would tell him immediately whether a certain flight is getting crowded, and he would be able to look around for the best price available. He might even try to schedule his trip for a different time, in order to get a better price—and this would spread the traffic, to the advantage of all concerned.

Arrival and departure information? The airlines could make use of modern communications techniques. In an average city the airline might have ten flights a day. Let each flight be permanently listed in the telephone book under a separate phone number. Let the airline make a tape recording of the conditions of that flight —arriving when, departing when. One girl with a silky voice and a tape recorder could handle all announcements in that city, and the inquirer wouldn't have to wait for someone to get through talking about Flight 208 in order to inquire about Flight 56; they'd be on different phones. This would work in larger cities, or it might be combined with spot radio announcements every thirty minutes or so. In any case, modern communications techniques, and their efficiencies, are available, and the airlines should use them. When they are carrying people at 600 miles an hour they look slightly ridiculous when they handle them on the ground almost as travelers were handled in the time of stage coaches.

That this system would work seems to be indicated by the fact that part of it is already working illegally. There is a flourishing black market in airline reservations at peak travel seasons (it is one reason for the "no show" problem, because the scalpers make multiple reservations without the intention of honoring them unless they can sell them for a price). The principle of paying a premium for scarcity already exists, but has been made illegal by unrealistic governmental regulation. If airline reservations were done away with, and the ticket itself served as the reservation and were traded on the open market, a whole area of illegal activity would simply disappear. For the black market, in whatever item is traded, cannot exist when demand and supply collide in a free market.

Some people, whose minds incline them to neatness and order, may object that one passenger who paid $20 for his ticket rides next to another who paid $15. The same objection, with as little merit, can be made against the stock market itself, or against a Broadway play. There are some who paid $40 for their General Motors, and some who paid $50; some who pay $15, others $20, for almost identical seats to the same performance of *South Pacific*. So what?

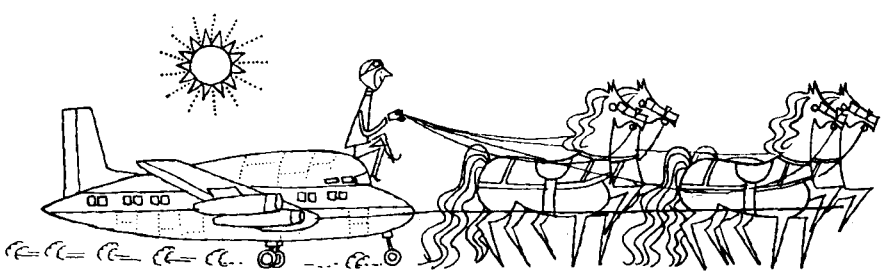
Could the market in airline tickets be cornered? Not a chance. It would cost millions to corner the market for one day between New York and Washington. If the market operator who has cornered the market puts the price too high, people will simply travel a day earlier or a day later. As the day approaches, the market operator is stuck with a huge investment that will become absolutely worthless at the moment of scheduled departure. So he will start dropping his price, and in a hurry.

Would this mean a lot of paperwork? Well, the industry carries about fifty million passengers a year. The stock market handles about fifty thousand transactions per day. If the distribution network for airline tickets includes the brokerage community, the banking system, and travel agents, there should be no trouble handling the volume. Especially since the self-interest of the travelers would lead them, as a group, to smooth out the seasonal peaks. The distribution network would not have to maintain swollen staffs for the peak seasons.

How about complex journeys? Something like American to here, transfer to Braniff to there, Frontier to the next stop? That's the business of your local travel agent, to figure out the connections and the schedules. The travel agent designs your trip, quotes you the market price, adds his commission, you agree, and you've got your tickets and your information. Let the specialists handle the special problems: that is the efficient way to do business. American is not a specialist on Braniff's schedules. The travel agent is. And if you have special problems, you should pay for them if you want, and not load the cost of your problems on the other travelers. You can avoid the extra payment by doing the research yourself, if you wish. All you need is the timetables, a microscope, a computer, and plenty of leisure.

I fully understand that this is a revolutionary proposal. But it need not be put into effect in a revolutionary form: that is, it need not be slapped on the entire industry overnight. The airline industry is perfectly organized for innovation. It operates thousands of flights daily, in and out of all sizes of communities. If it wishes to experiment with a new idea, it need not introduce the idea throughout the entire system, and run the risk of temporary and total chaos. It can introduce the idea on one flight, between two major terminals, and see what happens. I would suggest that each airline look over its schedules to see what one flight, daily, would be most likely to prosper under this form of ticket distribution. Within a few months the system could be worked out. Within a year its value would be recognized.

And then, as the idea spreads to more and more flights, the travelers will enjoy reduced prices and greater ease of procuring tickets. And the airlines will make a step toward profitable operation again—and, which is more important—they'll become, once again, free elements of the economy, operating in that natural element that has given to the men who have flown in it their greatest physical sense of freedom. Why not?



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From the Academy

RUSSELL KIRK

The Poet as Guardian: Donald Davidson

The most Southern of Southerners, and one of the ablest of literary and philosophical champions of our nation and our civilization, Professor Donald Davidson has done much to form the minds of a generation of students at Vanderbilt University and at the Breadloaf school of writing. Now he has published a new volume of poems: *The Long Street* (Vanderbilt University Press).

Kirk

In 1927, Mr. Davidson published *The Tall Men,* one of the best works of verse in a decade that had many good poets. The Tall Men are the heroes of old Tennessee. This book's prologue was entitled "The Long Street"——which is the symbol of modern urban industrial existence, sterile and stifling, in opposition to the agrarian freedom of which Davidson is the most consistent and persistent defender. The Long Street is the desolation of an iron age of "dead men under a pall, nameless and choked":

> Where is the grass?
> Only the blind stone roots of the dull street
> And the steel thews of houses flourish here,
> And the baked curve of asphalt, smooth, trodden,
> Covers dead earth that once was quick with grass.
> Snuffling the ground with acrid breath the motors
> Fret the long street. Steel answers steel. Dust whirls.
> Skulls hurry past with the pale flesh yet clinging
> And a little hair. Fevered bones under clean
> Linen. Aimless knuckles of bones
> Within buttoned gloves waving to eyeless sockets:
> "Good day, old friend! Good day, my girl! Good-bye!
> So long, old man!"

Though some of the Southern Agrarians—most notably Mr. John Crowe Ransom—have abandoned the doctrines they enunciated a generation ago, Donald Davidson has not given an inch. Incidentally, the manifesto of the literary Agrarians, *I'll Take My Stand,* now is being published as a paperback, deservedly: the "Fugitives" are not half so routed as the Marxist critics declared.

Today, in his "Lines Written for Allen Tate on his Sixtieth Anniversary," Mr. Davidson speaks undismayed, though beaten in many a fight, for the good old cause,

> For us, deliberate exiles, whose dry rod
> Blossoms athwart the Long Street's servile rage . . .

Even at Breadloaf, Donald Davidson has felt the sneering hostility of the Liberal intellectual, detesting a South known only through the New York press and the New York stage:

> But Vassar bugled, Amherst bayed, and Yale
> Picked up the scent. They gave tongue on my trail:
> *"Admit! Confess! Nostalgic! No, he fights*
> *Historical process . . . Absurd Monuments. . . .*
> *Remember what? Gastonia? That makes sense."*

No, the thirty-five years that intervene between *The Tall Men* and *The Long Street* have not diminished Davidson's courage, nor his eloquence. In his poem "Old Sailor's Choice," he describes a twentieth-century Ulysses of the Long Street on his voyage to Hell, and beyond. Contrary to the counsels of a modern Circe, he chooses Charybdis over Scylla, though modern men lust for Scylla's deadly embrace, "the monstrous lips, the darting neck of their love-death." And he describes the ensnaring monster:

> Within her cliffs of sheer synthetic rock
> She glides on steely pathways. Plastic walls
> Checkered in pseudo-marble cavern her lair.
> These throw you offguard. "How," you ask,
> "Can anything go wrong where all is right—
> Rectangular, slide-ruled, and functional?"
> Mercy, pity, peace can be manufactured.
> Scylla can end your pain
> Now that the State decrees a tax increase
> And no one can complain.
> The neat-cut stencil echoes the brisk type.
> Machines do the rest. The postage is metered.
> And there is your release:
> Well-packaged, mercy, pity, peace.
> And I saw the stretching neck and the grinning teeth
> In the soundproof room where artificial daylight
> Blacks out the scudding clouds and the churning storm-wrack,
> And the secretary with half-naked breasts
> Extends the telephone on a crimson claw
> And murmurs *Washington is calling!*

Washington does not call Donald Davidson. His defense of regionalism, *The Attack on Leviathan,* is long out of print, more's the pity; but Davidson never will be assimilated to the Long Streets of New York and Washington.

Donald Davidson is a guardian of the enduring things, which perish on the pavement of the Long Street. The important poets of our age, like T. S. Eliot, Robert Frost, W. B. Yeats and a dozen others, have become Templars defending the heart and soul of man against the merciless barbarian. There are no twentieth-century socialist Songs before Sunrise. Of this company of literary knights, Donald Davidson is among the stoutest; and he has shivered his lance against the biggest infidels.

"If you are Don Quixote," Roy Campbell once said to me, "all your windmills will be giants; but then, all your giants will be windmills." I think that Donald Davidson, like his Old Sailor, will defy Scylla and survive Charybdis.

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Miscellany

Comme Une Danse

NORMA MCLAIN STOOP

Comme une danse reglée, je vois
Que mon súr destin me lance
Avec petits pas vers toi,
Comme une danse.

Les printemps de mon enfance
Je laisse dormir derrière moi
Et, toujours valsant, j'avance.

Tournant par une ancienne loi,
Entraînée de sa puissance
Légèrement je touche tes doigts,
Comme une danse.

Something Unmade

ROY FISHER

There's something unmade
In the street this morning.

The wind at my door
Comes straight from licking at it,

And the thicket of noise
Contains a new silence.

Something more delicate
Than an egg on the termac,

More quiet and bland
Than the milk in the bottles,

Prouder than housetops.

If I walk out now
Before the street's busy,

Kicking a newspaper
Rolled in a ball

With under one arm
A musical instrument,

It may find things easier.

I would not have it
Left there to grow fractious.

Epigrams

ROBERT BEUM

Equinox

Our night walk
surprised;

summer
bare heads

caught in
surprised leaves;

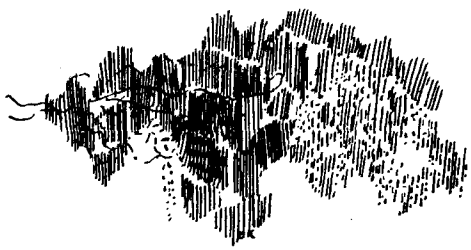
in cloud light cold
stars blow

like sparks
from the currents

crossed at
our hands.

October Woods

Trees' light: roots busy in the dead's own dark
drawing the life up through a dying man.



T.S.

Webster was much possessed by death, and Mr. Eliot much possessed by Webster.

J.C.R.

A poem should not be, but dance some,
the more, if much refined and handsome;
no one told Mr. Ransom.

Stevens

In pleasure's thinnest currents,
and heaviest insurance,
he swam with great endurance.

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Grampa Honey Fitz

FRANCIS RUSSELL

The three-act play runs a century: sixty years from the Great Famine in Ireland to the election of John Francis Fitzgerald—"Honey Fitz" to Massachusetts—as mayor of Boston; forty more years to see his namesake-grandson, the twenty-nine-year-old John Fitzgerald Kennedy, elected to Congress from a Boston district as the first planned step to the Presidency. Those three dates, cut so deep in Boston's history, mark the beginning, middle and end of a phenomenon as old as history itself—the superseding of one class by another. Seventy years earlier the seaport peninsula had seen it all happen before when on a blustery March day in 1775 Lord Howe embarked the Boston garrison, and the provincial aristocracy sailed away with the redcoats into exile. Those proudly armigerous Brattles and Vassalls and Dudleys and Hutchinsons abandoned the town to the non-armigerous class below them.

As Boston resumed its pace after the Revolution the old mansions had new faces in them. "Fellows who would have cleaned my shoes five years ago now ride in chariots," a disgruntled relative of General Joseph Warren observed. The emergents were the sober, hard-faced merchants, men who would never dream of giving up their new counting houses for moth-eaten loyalties. Inheriting the town by default, they—within the limits of their bourgeois sobriety—came to adopt the behavior pattern of their predecessors. One can mark the two eras by comparing the Palladian sophistication of Governor Shirley's Roxbury mansion (1745) with the naiveté of Bulfinch's State House (1795), just as one can mark the next emergence in the contrast of the brick Federalist town houses of Beacon Hill with the Hyannis compound.

Honey Fitz, by John Cutler. Bobbs-Merrill, $5.95

It takes about three generations for a new class to consolidate itself, and it took the grandsons of the Federalist merchants to give Boston its literary flowering and its label of the Athens of North America. That moment of flowering was not so much fruition as the pause before the end. And the end came to the self-contained brick town with the first wave of Irish immigrants fleeing the famine.

They were the first mass immigrants to the United States. They arrived in Boston because it was the Cunard Line terminus, the cheapest distance from Ireland to North America. Their memory of that flight and that passage and the desolation of their arrival remained green and bitter for generations. Over half the immigrants were illiterate, three-quarters had no trade. Five per cent died on the voyage over, wedged in the holds of the stinking "coffin" ships. In Boston their life-span averaged fourteen years. An able-bodied Irish laborer in the city could not in the 1850's earn enough by himself to keep his family. During the first-year depression of the Civil War the newcomers in their Paddyvilles and Mick Alleys starved.

From the padded perspective of the welfare state it is easy to condemn the callousness of the Yankee Bostonians toward the newcomers, but the tremendous force migration had no precedent, no mechanics for dealing with it. Beacon Hill felt no sense of responsibility for what was happening in East Boston. Rather, the Yankee epigoni, appalled by the Celtic locust-swarm, withdrew to the Beacon Hill-Back Bay enclave. Unlike their Tory predecessors they did not quit the fort. For decades yet they would manage to keep political control of what they felt was their city. Its financial structure was and would remain in their hands—the industries, the banks, the stores, the investment houses. It was in reaction to the newcomers that the tradition of Boston *hauteur* came into being, the proper Bostonian, the myth of the Brahmin—that term the kindly Dr. Holmes had coined originally to mean no more than a bread-and-water intellectual asceticism.

Though exploitable as a cheap source of labor, the Irish immigrants seemed to the newly proper Bostonians (in the words of Mayor Lyman) "a race that will never be infused with our own, but on the contrary will alway remain distinct and hostile." In the harsh atmosphere of Boston, excluded from the common life of the community both by their background and their religion, the Irish formed a society within a society, an emerging Catholic political party of their own against the Protestant Yankee oligarchs. The younger immigrants formed gangs in the spirit of the old Whiteboys. During the seventies and eighties, these gangs and barroom associations controlled the politics of their street and block, gradually spreading out, precinct by precinct, ward by ward, until it was clear that in a matter of time the Irish would take over the city. Politics came naturally to the temperament of the Celts, particularly when all other avenues of mobility were blocked to them.

Following the pattern of almost all emergent ethnic groups, the transplanted Irish began by electing their best. Hugh O'Brien (1885-1888) was the first Irish-born to become mayor of Boston, Patrick Collins (1902-1905) the second. Both were men of integrity and distinction. Collins served six years in Congress before becoming mayor and four years as consul-general in London. He died in office, and of him President Cleve-

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land wrote: "In public life he was strictly honest and sincerely devoted to the responsibilities involved." With one almost accidental exception he was the last mayor of Boston for half a century of whom this could be said.

After Collins the practical men took over. The Irish-American politicians, more and more of them now second-generation, felt no obligation to observe rules made by the Back Bay ascendancy who had exploited them. The way was open and the trough full. It was with the election of John F. Fitzgerald as mayor in 1906 that the new class took over Boston.

Honey Fitz, he was called, for his mellifluous rendering of *Sweet Adeline* on the hustings and on all possible social occasions except funerals. The song became his trademark. The taking over of City Hall by this dynamic little political buccaneer was as decisive a date in the history of Boston as Lord Howe's evacuation of the city. Even if Honey Fitz had not given his name to the current Presidential yacht, he would still be entitled to a biography in his own right, for he put his seal on his time and his city. John Cutler's *Honey Fitz* is the biography of an era as well as a man. Mr. Cutler knows his Celtic Boston and he is very good in explaining the sombre and involved depths from which leaders like little Johnny Fitzgerald, Martin Lomasney and Jim Curley fought their way to the surface. Lomasney, the Mahatma of Ward Eight, had more character and basic honesty than the other two, but he preferred to remain as a local kingmaker within his own impregnable ward. In charm and venom and dynamism and sheer outrageousness, Curley outclassed Honey Fitz and, in fact, drove him from public life when Fitzgerald was only fifty-one. Both men lived so long and so flamboyantly that they became myths, and in more decorous decades even their bitterest enemies began to look back with a certain nostalgia to the gaslit political shindigs of the turn of the century. Honey Fitz's early career could be that of any ambitious young second-generation ward leader. To anyone brought up in the North End's Ward Six, Lomasney's axiom that the average voter was interested primarily in food, clothing and shelter was a truism with practical applications. The young ward-heeler set out to make himself ruler of his ward. Dapper, aggressive, shrewd, voluble, master of the glad-hand and the Irish switch, Honey Fitz soon became the dominant personality of Ward Six. No wake, no wedding, no dance, no social, no Sunday Mass, but he was there. A one-man welfare department, he read the death notices and handed out the Christmas turkeys. He kept an index of all those who needed work and another of those who had received favors. Running the ward cost money but, like other bosses, he knew where to get it. What was good for Ward Six was even better for Honey Fitz.

BUILT ON solid ward foundations, Honey Fitz's career was nevertheless brief. In 1892 at the age of twenty-nine he was elected one of the seventy-five members of the old Common Council. Then he spent two years in the Massachusetts Senate, inconspicuously consolidating his power by the strategic location of friends and relatives. Meanwhile he had bought a wilted neighborhood newspaper that immediately began to blossom with full-page ads from stores and service corporations and soon was netting him $25,000 a year. He moved to a turreted, mansard-roofed wooden chateau in Dorchester and installed a stained-glass window on the landing with a resurgent Fitzgerald coat-of-arms and the Gaelic motto: John the Bold.

On the death of Collins, Honey Fitz ran for mayor in the rowdiest and costliest election Boston had yet known. Mr. Cutler sums up the first Fitzgerald administration in his chapter-heading "Burglars in the House." Those who might have been shining shoes five years before were now riding in city carriages. Honey proceeded to remake the city in a way to make a tax-conscious Yankee shudder. But roads, parks, bathhouses and convenience stations are—as Curley was to demonstrate even more emphatically—as beneficial to those who engineer them as to those who enjoy them. In the first Fitzgerald administration the unwritten local law seems to have originated, a law apparently still in effect, that 10 per cent of the cost of any project always goes to "the boys."

Honey missed out in the next election, but in 1910 under a revised charter he was elected mayor for four years. In spite of approaching middle age, he still showed himself a gay dog. He was a frequent visitor at the old Woodcock Hotel where his longtime friend Toodles Ryan was mistress of the revels. Not much could be said about his second administration that was not said about his first. He would have run again, but the rising James Michael Curley was too formidable an opponent. Honey Fitz may have been meaner, but Gentleman Jim was tougher and he had the instinct for the jugular.

In 1918 Honey Fitz was again elected to Congress from his old district, but the ballot-stuffing and the mattress-voting were too blatant even for Boston, and he was unseated in 1919 by a congressional committee. Although he had thirty years of life ahead of him, he was never elected to public office again. His last effort was an unsuccessful run for governor in 1922. In 1946, four years before he died, he saw his grandson John Fitzgerald Kennedy elected to Congress from a district that included his own Ward Six.

I remember first seeing that young congressman in 1952 at Springfield, on the platform with the members of the Democratic State Committee welcoming Adlai Stevenson to Massachusetts. Those assembled politicians were of the old school, heavy-jowled, heavy-paunched Neanderthal types. The shoulders of their suits were vast and padded, their ties were hand-painted in rainbow tints, and their eyes had that curiously beady look that one finds only in politicians, undertakers and professional baseball players. Stevenson, the mutely-dressed academic Hamlet, and the young congressman in his narrow-shouldered suit and regimental-stripe

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tie seemed from another world. Kennedy looked like what indeed he was, the youngest member of the Harvard Board of Overseers. Curiously enough, he had come to look much as Harvard overseers had always looked in their younger days. Watching him I suddenly realized that, in this young man moving rather elegantly among the slobs, the consolidation of a new class had—for better or worse—reached its conclusion.

2 X 2 = ?

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

POLLING HAS a bad name in many quarters, and justifiably so. For this habit of "pre-testing the market," when it is carried over into the field of politics, creates the image-conscious office-seeker whose idea of personal integrity is to stick a wet finger up to see which way the wind is blowing. With poll-happy candidates dominating both major political parties, it is now virtually impossible for the voter ever to get a meaningful choice on election days. Tweedledum and Tweedledee have listened to the same experts.

Understanding Profits, by Claude Robinson. Van Nostrand, $13.75

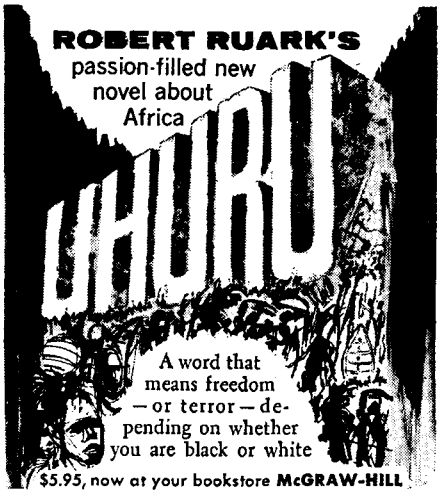
The late Claude Robinson, partner in the polling firm of Gallup and Robinson and a creator of the Opinion Research Corporation, was quite aware of the dangers that lurked in the political ramifications of certain aspects of his own business. And, as if to counteract the effect of the polling habit on the public life of the country, he proposed, a few years before he died, to build institutions that would use the disclosures of the polls as take-off points for meaningful discussions of basic issues. He had been appalled by the popular "image" of capitalism as a dying philosophy which certain Opinion Research Corporation surveys had revealed, and, with Richard Cornuelle and Ivan Bierly, he decided that a vigorous intellectual counter-attack was in order. The first fruits of the decision was something called the Princeton Panel. According to these plans, the Panel was to raise funds to finance the creation of a Library of Capitalism. The Library was to be written by scholars, and it was to be pitched to rational discussion of the misconceptions about the workings of the profit system and the free economy that were revealed from time to time by the replies to Opinion Research questionnaires.

Whether the Princeton Panel could ever have fulfilled the promise which it had in Claude Robinson's mind is a question. In the course of creating it Dr. Robinson was stricken by what was at first diagnosed as a severe heart attack. He was told by his doctors to cease all activity at once. The Panel's organization was dispersed; the titles which were to become books were filed away. I remember this all too vividly, for, as an author chosen to write a book for the Panel on the origins of the key categories of economic discourse, I was left momentarily high and dry by the collapse of the enterprise.

Ironically, Dr. Robinson's heart attack was correctly re-diagnosed at a later date as the flare-up of a severe case of ulcers, uncomfortable but not mortally dangerous. Returning to the wars, Claude Robinson despaired of reconvening his broken Panel from scratch. Instead, he proposed to write a book for himself on the concept of economic profit. If it turned out to be successful, he would use it as an entering wedge to revive the idea of his Panel.

The book on profit matured slowly in Dr. Robinson's mind; after much travail it turned out to be an excellent job. Assuredly the standard set by it would have been sufficient to bring the Princeton Panel—and the Library of Capitalism—back into effective existence. But a final irony interposed: Dr. Robinson died quite unexpectedly from hepatitis. He lived to correct the proofs of his book but not to witness its ultimate success.

True to his researcher calling, Dr. Robinson began his book by polling representatives of public groups, including the unions, in order to determine the "images" of the profit-func-



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tion that existed in various representative minds. He discovered what he might have known anyway, that most people can't do arithmetic. Even so, it was probably worth while to pin the extent of arithmetical ignorance down so that it could be handled in terms of statistical exactness. With the precise limits of popular misconceptions in mind, Dr. Robinson was able to take a "little steps for little feet" approach that has added vastly to the clarity of his book.

Dr. Robinson finished his writing before the problem of the "profit squeeze" began to loom as something to which politicians would have ultimately to address themselves. But his figures as of December 31, 1958, offer eloquent proof that profits are an evanescent reward for an entrepreneurial ingenuity that must be renewed again and again if a company is to keep even a step ahead of bankruptcy. The aggregate profit of U.S. manufacturing companies for the 1948-58 decade was a mere 3.9 cents per dollar of sales and 8.6 cents per dollar of investment. This does not suggest lush living for any parasite class. Of the total annual amount of money paid to workers and credited to profits, 84 per cent is spent for wages. If the 16 per cent that is reserved for "profit" were also to be handed over to the workers, the "growth" that everybody talks about would automatically disappear from the economy. Dr. Robinson is quite correct when he notes that the bigger profit-making companies have led the way in offering both wage increases and price reductions. This is what "superior productivity" permits. At bargaining time the big unions like to talk about "unconscionable profits," but it is significant that neither Walter Reuther nor David McDonald has urged the Department of Justice to break up such big profit-makers as General Motors or U.S. Steel.

Far from being "surplus value," profit, as Dr. Robinson demonstrates, has a number of absolutely indispensable functions. It directs capital investment where it is needed to mitigate the phenomenon of scarcity. It lures people into taking risks with their savings. It provides workers with more and more efficient tools, which, in turn, permits wages to rise. Moreover, it does all these things without bringing the ugly element of compulsion into economic life. If there were no such thing as profit, planners would have to decide what is to be done to mitigate scarcity and to employ resources—and the night stick of the policeman would have to be called in to make the planners' decision stick. As for profits getting out of hand, this is impossible as long as competition prevails. Competition doesn't have to be "perfect" to be effective, for in the modern world of synthetics so many viable alternatives exist that no company has an "indispensable" product. Even when Alcoa, for example, had a monopoly of aluminum manufacturing, it had to lower its prices from year to year to keep its pot lines at work in the face of competition from brass, tin and wood, and to attract its share of the consumers' dollars.

Dr. Robinson admits a case for state control of the rates charged by the so-called natural monopolies—the telephone companies, the electric power companies and so on. But where the "natural monopoly" is subject to check by an alternative sys-

Random Notes

● TROUBLE: *Variety* has kept track as well as it can of the long-announced, now-off, now-on, return of Igor Stravinsky to his native Russia. First, there was to have been a birthday party and grand fling, as if Stravinsky's music had always been a major Russian export. But then money was brought up, a matter of twenty years' royalties due the composer. No no, said Russia, no money. No Stravinsky's return, either, said Stravinsky. Then the matter of *The Soviet Encyclopedia* came up. "Stravinsky, Igor: Composer of no great value, whose works are a mixture of simplicity and decadence." If *that* could be reworded, Stravinsky will venture onto Russian soil. The *Encyclopedia* offers a more beautiful entry in its next edition, and the return is on again. More later. . . . As if it weren't enough for one season to see Lolita played by an actress old enough to vote, and to have Marilyn Monroe go on relief, they're now planning to charge us ten bucks a seat for *Cleopatra*.

● INCIDENTAL: *Publishers Weekly* notes that a London bookshop sports this sign: "Children of Progressive parents admitted only on leads."

● BOOKS: Collier Books has made available in paperback the C. S. Lewis tetralogy *Out of the Silent Planet, Perelandra, That Hideous Strength* and *The Abolition of Man*. It has not been clear before that the fourth volume belonged to the series. Some of the best imaginative writing of our time, these science fiction allegories appeal at several levels of attention. . . . Some things are holding fast, and the autumn will see the publication of both a new Rex Stout (*Gambit*, Viking, $2.95) and a new Mickey Spillane with Mike Hammer, the first bow in ten years (*The Girl Hunters*, Dutton, $3.50). . . . The Penguin poetry series has added *The Penguin Book of Chinese Verse* and *The Penguin Book of Latin Verse*. . . . Braziller will bring out later this year a book about Paul Klee authored by his son Felix. Klee's own unpublished autobiographical writings will be included. Many photographs of some of his best work.

● COMING UP: Bea Lillie's biography of her dog, to be published by Doubleday. . . . Mark Twain's *Letters from the Earth*, edited by Bernard DeVoto some twenty years ago but never published, to be published by Harper's. . . . William Golding, whose *Lord of the Flies* is second only to J. D. Salinger's *The Catcher in the Rye* on the campus, is bringing out another novel, *The Inheritors* (Harcourt). . . . Van Wyck Brooks' next will be *Fenollosa and His Circle* (in August, Dutton, $5). . . . The Joyce scholar Richard M. Kain has finished *Dublin in the Age of William Butler Yeats and James Joyce*, to be published in September as a volume in the University of Oklahoma's Centers of Civilization Series.

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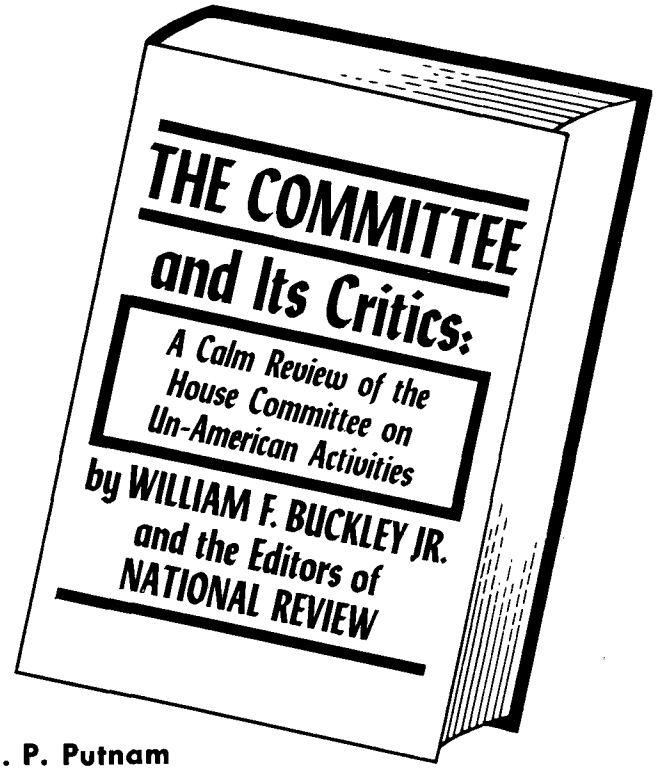
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tem of service or communication, Dr. Robinson considered it absurd to make a fetish of the idea of regulation. The railroads needed no coercive control by government as long as they were paralleled by the river and lake and supporting canal systems of eastern America. It was not until they reached out into the Great Plains, where there were no parallel water routes, that they were able to charge rates that excited the Populist uprising. Now that there are truck highways and airlines to offer alternative service across the plains, no Southern Pacific "octopus" would be possible. And the need for the Interstate Commerce Commission has become quite archaic.

Dr. Robinson's book eschews polemics and seeks to ground all its arguments in appropriate chart and statistical material. The effort to back every statement with visual or statistical proof has entailed the use of page after page of appendix matter, all of which has added considerably to the cost of the book. This is perhaps an unavoidable concomitant of Dr. Robinson's method. Unfortunately, however, the procedure can only result in keeping the book from reaching the very people whom Dr. Robinson most desired to convince. He wanted above all to get at those groups that revealed such appalling arithmetical ignorance when he took his last polls.

The Double Tragedy of Djilas

WALTER DARNELL JACOBS

WE ARE all indebted to Milovan Djilas—though not so indebted, I suspect, as many of our reviewers and publicists would have us believe.

Conversations With Stalin, by Milovan Djilas. Harcourt, $3.95

Our debt to Djilas is the debt owed to any man who has the courage and the dignity to stand by his conscience when all about him are merchandising theirs. Such courage is rare anywhere; it is almost unique at the seats of the mighty beyond The Wall.

Let us not forget either that Djilas is a man who has found the Soviet type of Communism incompatible with freedom. His solution, however, is not to reject Communism but only to reject the Soviet type. From the viewpoint of Moscow and present-day Belgrade he is properly termed a revisionist. He is attacking the basis of modern, orthodox Muscovite Communism. Unfortunately, he seems to continue to believe that freedom and some sort of Communism are compatible. Just what sort is, he does not specify—probably some version of social democracy associated with planning and a vanguard of leaders. Here is one aspect of the real tragedy of Djilas. He has most perceptively exposed the evil of Communism as the enemy of freedom. He still has not made the discovery which his logic literally drags him toward—that vanguard leadership and planning are the substructure upon which Communism effects the liquidation of freedom.

The freedom for which Djilas yearns is that flippantly being thrown away by the West in a quixotic quest for security and a gnostic version of progress. It is again to Djilas' credit that he made his search for security and progress openly as a Communist, that he was willing to fight for his goals, and that he abandoned the

Milovan Djilas: ". . . the path is forked."

Communist method when he saw that it was producing no security and no progress, and was crucifying freedom. Still he strives for the old goals of security and progress while aching for freedom. He does not see—nor do our gnostics—that the path is forked. One lane leads to security and progress, the other to freedom.

This is surely one reason why his conversations with Stalin caused Djilas pain after the fact, but only pleasure tending to stupefaction during the fact. One suspects that Djilas is convinced today that he is a better Communist than Stalin: Stalin perverted Communism; he betrayed the revolution. Djilas certainly would never put it in such crude or simple terms, but he does want today a world different from the one Stalin created. Stalin is condemned by Djilas because he adhered to "abstract, absolute and fundamentally utopian ideas," but recognized only "success—violence, physical and spiritual extermination." Djilas does not reject the abstract, absolute and utopian ideas; he rejects only the Stalinist necessity for success/violence.

Conversations With Stalin, skillfully and compellingly written, could be read as anti-Communist or anti-utopian only by the careless or the unanchored. The careless reader is best left to himself. The most we can do is to pray for his guidance. The unanchored reader, however, is of primary concern because it is he who is leading the West away from its traditions and freedoms. It is those in the West who have lost their anchor, or who have purposely cut the line to it, who are setting us adrift. It is they who are attempting to destroy freedom in the name of freedom. It is they who tell us that planning, which is a basic restriction of freedom, is a means to extend and insure freedom. It is they who insist that security through state intervention is the means to freedom. Unanchored, they promise us freedom if we will only throw away the anchor of freedom.

They use Djilas most dishonestly in this scheme. Djilas is a courageous man who desires freedom but cannot bring himself absolutely to turn on his Communist past. There are many reasons why the decision has been difficult and tortuous for him. He has seen his fellows die in the name of Communism. He has given his life to Communism's unreal goals. He has challenged the great of Communism (Stalin, Tito) on their own grounds and has won, to his own

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satisfaction, the decision. He still nurtures the abstract, absolute and fundamentally utopian ideas of Communism. He has been jailed, by monarchists and Communists, for his belief.

Djilas, still, is a man who desires freedom. His problem is to discover what freedom is and to fight for it with the courage which he so demonstrably possesses. *Conversations With Stalin* pictures not Stalin, but Djilas, and it pictures him in midstream. Djilas has rejected Soviet-style Communism. Next he will reject the utopian ideas of Communism. He has, however, not yet rejected them. Nor have the unanchored of the West, who can find more to praise in a transitional Djilas than they could in the Freedom Fighters of Hungary.

Praise is due to Djilas because he is moving away from the false ideas of Communism, socialism and social democracy. He is moving toward the much more demanding ideas of freedom. The personal tragedy from which he is escaping will be the more profound if his progress from Communism to freedom is used as a weapon by those who would move the West in the opposite direction, away from freedom. The world Stalin created does, as Djilas asserts, exist in full force and essence today. It can be reduced. Those who would reduce it and extend freedom would do well to follow the advice and example of Djilas—they must fight.

Haunted and Haunting

GARRY WILLS

IN THE LAST century, Ruskin was considered a scholar, the first Slade Professor of Art at Oxford; today, he is considered an arbitrary and whimsical purple-patcher. So fast did science invade the uncharted area that lies between man and the projection of man into matter called a painting. The boast of our age is to have increased that distance, opened it to Everyman, labeled its paths, directed the flow of traffic through it. Ours is the museum without walls.

The Darkening Glass: A Portrait of Ruskin's Genius, by John D. Rosenberg. Columbia, $5.00

Ruskin knew that man takes a long journey toward a painting, but an entirely private journey, breaking through his own mind, its closed avenues and sealed outlets. He knew what distances there are between a man and his own eyes, how rarely the innocent and entire person rises to the surface of the retina; confronts, unintercepted, the sky. Pictures were, for him, windows opened where we have forgotten that eyes can open. He found these openings because he had a desperate need for them. And in the course of his life we see the windows, one by one, closed upon him; until he was left alone, baffled of the light, his mind darkened in the madness of his final decades of life. He sought the light as Van Gogh did, with an effort that reveals—on a scale magnified by disaster—man's need to find a hole in the wall of the world, to escape that immurement within himself that he comes to accept as his normal condition. Both men broke open vast areas of vision; both, in battering themselves against the wall, lost what they gave to others. They are the madmen who keep us sane.

Thomas Mann's concept of art as an exquisite illness does an injustice to artists of Ruskin's stature. There are modern writers whose work is an opening, not of new worlds, but of old wounds. A higher art, however, is used to heal. And the modern scene—of men coldly committing their private madnesses to paper—is not very impressive when one remembers the great men whose unsteady minds were opposed and kept at poise by their steady pens. Johnson, whose work *is* English sanity, lived by fits and starts of moods approaching madness. The measured tread and careful balance of his prose are not effortless; those heavy words weighted a wavering life. Dickens' pugnacious sanity—what might be called his extraordinary normality—was a deliberate push against the pressure of hysteria. And Ruskin was another madman whose pen was sane.

To write a book about Ruskin is like painting a ceiling with scenes from the life of Michelangelo. Critic meets artist on his own ground, and is instantly eclipsed by what he approaches. He brings a candle to cast light on the sun. The first biographies of Ruskin (Cook and Collingwood, popularized by Meynell and Harrison) were pious and protective. Then Freudians went to work on his sexual aberrations and Wilenski plotted his manic cycle. Derrick Leon's hero-worshiping biography absorbed all this and remained irrelevantly pious; but others (Evans, with Quennell the new popularizer) became clinical and condescending. In all these books, it takes but a single quotation from Ruskin to put out the biographer's candle. Decorous reverence and detailed case study, defense and indictment, become inadequate to deal with sentences so instinct with intellect, labyrinthine yet effortless, expansive and aspiring, yet precise in limned detail.

By some miracle of sympathy and style, a book adequate to its subject has just appeared. *The Darkening Glass* treats the personal misfortunes of Ruskin without evasion, with a tragedian's combination of tenderness and ruthlessness. But it sees Ruskin's sentences not as so many symptoms; rather, as a series of victories won against impossible odds. By sure yet shifting tactics Ruskin kept outwitting the imp of darkness that pursued him all his life; gained new triumphs even in the diminishing intervals of light given; wrote his sanest book (*Praeterita*) in the last moments wrested from his madness. It is a terrifying story, rightly told by Mr. Rosenberg through a study of the writings. Deprived everywhere else of anything like an adequate human life, Ruskin lived in words; and because of this total transfusion the words retain an almost alarming life of their own.

Mr. Rosenberg avoids the error of identifying "Ruskin's style" with the detached showpieces found in anthologies. Most critics consider the major part of his writing a gradual decline from his early eloquence. But Rosenberg sees the strategic marshaling of resources represented by each

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of Ruskin's many styles. This was the man who preferred writing long and subtle letters to meeting people for direct conversation, who found control and focus in the act of writing—an act that was as constant and intimate with him as thinking itself. There is, in Ruskin's finest work, a naked alertness of mind that touches the very basis of music's power over us — what Rosenberg calls "the rhythm of consciousness."

Rosenberg's care in the construction of this beautiful volume extends even to the choice of illustrations—sketches by Ruskin, reflecting each phase of his literary development. The frontispiece is a self-portrait as haunted and haunting as one of Van Gogh's.

This book is enough to renew one's hope for American universities, current literary criticism, and the English language. It is unobtrusively learned, its prose undemonstrative yet profoundly eloquent, its judgments unquestionably, incredibly *right.*

Records

The Decline of Richard Rodgers

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THERE WAS a time when almost everything Richard Rodgers wrote was good. Now almost everything he writes is praised. He has become an institution of the musical comedy stage—and his imprimatur is sufficient to impress the critics. Yet year by year, his scores have become increasingly drab. His wonderful gift of song seems to have left him. And he is rewriting Richards Rodgers to such an extent that it can be said without too much unkindness that you can no longer tell the tune without the lyrics.

No Strings, his latest effort, has been pasted up with the rave comments of reviewers whose tin-eared appraisals are conditioned far more by what they think they should write than by what their senses tell them. For *No Strings* (Capital O 1695) is a feeble reworking of themes and modes from *Flower Drum Song* (Columbia OL 5350), which derived from *Me and Juliet* (RCA-Victor LOC 1012), which was sired by *South Pacific* (Columbia OL 4180), which, etc., etc. (Numbers refer to original cast recordings.) There is not a single song in the score which has an original lilt—and the music is further bereft of Lorenz Hart's emotionally evocative or abrasively clever lyrics, or latterly Oscar Hammerstein's pretentious but interesting and literate versifying.

All of this is very sad when you recall that Richard Rodgers has contributed more to American song than any other composer for the Broadway stage or for Tin Pan Alley—with the possible exception of Harold Arlen. In his two main phases—when he was writing with Larry Hart and when he brought a new voice to the musical comedy stage with *Oklahoma* and *South Pacific*—he demonstrated his serious musicianship by expanding the horizons of his medium. I do not mean to minimize the contribution of Cole Porter or to downgrade such superlative musicals as Frank Loesser's *Guys and Dolls* or the Lerner-Lowe *My Fair Lady.* But the overall body of Richard Rodger's work not only rivals the best in this strictly American field, but it is also unique in its tremendous variety, its delicacy of concept, its subtle musical wit, its sheer loveliness, its vigor. Take, for example, the Rodgers & Hart *Pal Joey* (Columbia ML 54364). In its original incarnation on Broadway, it was so far ahead of its time that it did not succeed. But in revival, years later, its combination of melodic invention and sardonic lyrics made it a great hit. No one who has heard them can forget *I Could Write a Book, Bewitched, In Our Little Den of Iniquity,* or *Take Him.* These songs are as fresh and as genuine today as they were when written. Richard Rodgers was not trying to create a kind of Broadway-style Gregorian chant in those days. He was putting down music of this time and for this time.

Or, moving back, take those two sly and lilting musicals, reconstituted for the record-buying public: *On Your Toes* (Columbia 4645) and *The Boys From Syracuse* (Columbia ML 4837). I am partial to these because they make use of the beautiful singing of the far-from-adequately recognized Portia Nelson. But the first includes *There's A Small Hotel* and *Quiet Night* on the velvet side, and the thumping ballet *Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.* The second would belong in any musical comedy Hall of Fame if only for *You Have Cast Your Shadow on the Sea.*

BUT THERE is so much more, so very much. The Hollywood musical, *Words and Music,* based on the Rodgers & Hart story, is an anthology of the music which their combined talents wrought. Or go back to *Babes in Arms,* which I reviewed as a collegiate drama critic. The story was thin, but we are still listing to the nostalgic side when we hear *Where or When, The Lady Is a Tramp,* or *My Funny Valentine.* The movie musical *Love Me Tonight* is forgotten, but it produced *Lover,* whose melodic pattern so impressed Khatchaturian that he stole it note for note and incorporated it into his ballet, *Spartak.* In his later period, Rodgers could burst out with the spangled score of *Oklahoma* or make more than *Some Enchanted Evening* of *South Pacific.*

It is gone today—lost in the muted modalities of a tired style. But is it permanently gone? I do not believe so. The trouble with Richard Rodgers and the music he writes today is dual. It is too easy now, with the critics ready to accept second and third best. This has eliminated the challenge, if only because creative artists tend to be lazy. But beyond that, he has also lost the challenge of crisp or genuinely romantic lyrics. In *No Strings,* he wrote his own—imitating the manner but not the style of Oscar Hammerstein. And Hammerstein himself, just before his death, had begun to parrot his own work. What Richard Rodgers needs more than anything today is some harsh words from his critics and some good words from his lyricists.

When he gets them, he will no longer need the imprimatur. And he will trade in the false beard of musical comedy's grand old man for the happy greasepaint of a here-and-now composer ready to take on all comers from the orchestra pit.

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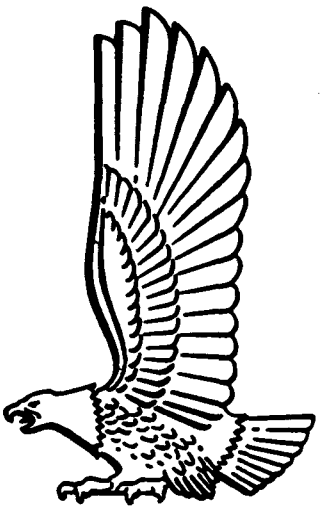

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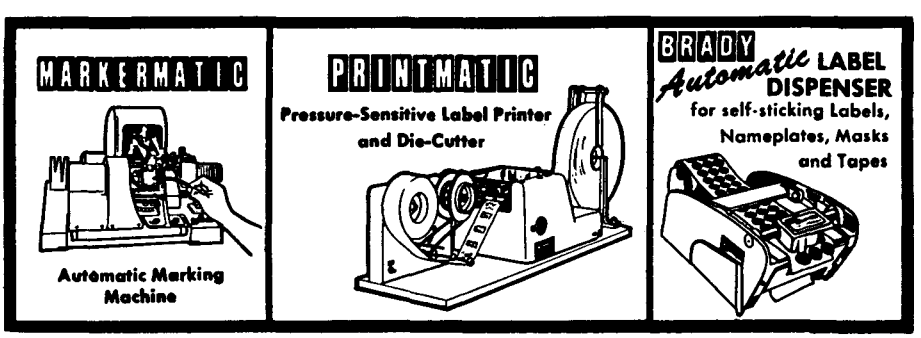

BOOKS IN BRIEF

RUSSIA UNDER KHRUSHCHEV: An Anthology from *Problems of Communism,* edited by Abraham Brumberg (Praeger, cloth $8.75, paper $2.50). In ten years of publication, the USIA journal *Problems of Communism* has produced some worthwhile articles, and some suitable only for wrapping fish. It is not unnatural that the editors of that journal should consider a collection of the better articles to be of some interest, especially to book-buyers who take a Tennessee Williams attitude toward magazine readers. Whatever the reason for the collection, its appearance at this time gives evidence that the recent trend of editorial policy at the Murrow shop is less realistic than it was ten or so years ago. The newer pieces are generally pointed to the idea that Uncle Nikita is coming around to something approaching social democracy—what with old mean Mao acting up and all those educated managers in the USSR getting such an interest in the *status quo.*

W. D. JACOBS

WEST OF WASHINGTON, by Holmes Alexander (Fleet, $4.95). Holmes Alexander, who writes an indispensable Washington column, is an all-round literary man. His best-selling biographies are well known, and he has a sure, professional touch in the writing of fiction. His latest novel, *West of Washington,* is an example of his narrative skill: an absorbing and convincing story of a rich, non-political family living in the estate country west of the District line, it is a problem novel, tackling the question of prolonged helplessness in old age. It is also a penetrating series of character studies, led by the fascinating case history of Dennison Lancaster, a wealth-corrupted neurotic who hates his paralyzed mother. Lancaster and his relatives have complete authenticity, which can also be said of the minor characters in the story. We are given, for example, an appalling picture of what lies ahead when the Federal Government takes over the practice of medicine, in the sketch of a terrifying woman doctor at a public fertility clinic.

F. FARR

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"Nyet!"—N. Khrushchev.

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—National Review *Advertising Director*

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To the Editor

Soustelle on de Gaulle

The recent article by Jacques Soustelle on de Gaulle's plans for France [June 19] was highly interesting . . . alarmingly thought-provoking . . . very depressing . . . quite different from what one reads in the newspapers, and in that respect it was refreshing. I hope I will have the opportunity to read more of Soustelle in NATIONAL REVIEW.

Bloomington, Ill. D. J. BUTTRY

Bless you for Jacques Soustelle's "De Gaulle's France on the Road to Neutralism." Proof that even the ostrich press recognizes this as a significant historical document: *Time* raised its head out of the sand to quote from it in its June 15 edition. Can it be that the light is breaking through? God grant that it is! Concerned men will all shake with horror reading Soustelle's paper. Those who have been led to believe in de Gaulle as the great intelligent mind of France will shiver at his eighteenth-century statesmanship; his total disregard of the world conspiracy of Communism. . . .

Wherever he is, Jacques Soustelle has my humble prayers. The day will come, as it did with Cuba, when our man in the State Department will wish he had listened to men like Soustelle. But then our man will say, Why, I didn't know!

Godfrey, Ill. JOHN BOLAND

Pay TV

As a leading consultant in the Pay TV field, I am very pleased and gratified with the positive and constructive article, "Pay TV Is Here" by Michael M. Mooney [June 5].

Since the original attempt at Pay TV in Chicago in 1950, some rather enormous obstacles are being overcome—a tribute to the free enterprise system in its efforts to serve the American consumer. Included among these behind-the-scenes challenges which have to be met are: technological and manufacturing advances that reduce the unit cost of the electronic system substantially; government interferences and delays in licensing; a continuous supply of top-grade program content; inadequate preview arrangements for the subscriber; high repair service costs, mainly the customer's fault; high cable installation costs relative to actual customers; ambiguous commercial relations between producers and distributors of possible presentations; the need for large liquid financial resources to carry the operation past the break-even point; consumer viewing habits varying by season so that revenues bear little relation to fixed costs; the naive attitude of producers toward the business management aspects involved; and the vested interests of commercial advertising agencies.

The list is not complete, but these obstacles are being surmounted, and I look for an acceleration of the growth of Pay TV from this point onward.

Rowayton, Conn. WALTER G. MITCHELL

Desperate Effort

The recent letter by John A. Alexander [July 3] spurs me to one last desperate effort to preserve the salutary distinction between a *rostrum* and a *podium*. In correct modern usage, a *rostrum* is the platform or stand from which an orator speaks; it is, of course, descended directly from the ancient Roman *rostrum*. A *podium*, on the other hand, is a small raised platform upon which an orchestra conductor stands; it is derived from the Greek word *podos*, meaning "foot." The question, Mr. Alexander, is therefore not, Who pays for the podium (at least, not outside of a concert hall or opera house) but, Who pays for the rostrum? Or, better yet, simply: Who pays?

New York City H. STEIN

YOU *pays, Stein, and you takes your choice. One man's nostrum is another's odium.* —ED.

Un(Warren)ted Decision

In the excitement caused by the Supreme Court's decision on classroom prayer, there is one thing everyone seems to have overlooked. . . . The law whose words indicate separation of Church and State was made for one purpose and one purpose only:

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to prevent the formation of a State religion. Any other interpretation is unwarranted.

Jersey City, N.J. JOSEPHINE L. ROBERTS

Holy Mackerel

"The thesis ('prosperity as a result of rising population') collapses in places where the baby boom rises to luxuriant levels—*e.g.*, in India" [June 19, p. 430].

It doesn't. It only becomes misinterpreted. Prosperity comes only to people who work in freedom. India with its compulsory diets, pariahs, untouchables, guilds, castes, has never had any free competition, and no amount of foreign aid can ever help it, except if the people are granted the right to refuse to be miseducated —and not only about holy mackerels.

Rotterdam, Holland S. D. ABRAMOFF

Correction

Neither Russia nor any of her satellites are exhibitors at the Seattle World's Fair. The Seattle World's Fair, so far as it is within my knowledge, and I should know, has not invited Mr. Khrushchev to visit the Fair [as was reported in *NR*, June 5], nor do we expect to do so.

You must understand that a formal invitation to a head of state to visit a world's fair can officially come only from the Executive Department of the Government, through the State Department.

Seattle, Wash. JOSEPH E. GANDY
President, Seattle World's Fair

The president of the Seattle World's Fair is right. We had heard that the Government had sent feelers to find if Khrushchev, on a possible visit to the U.S., might visit the Seattle Fair. We regret phrasing our note as to imply the initiative came from officials of the Seattle World's Fair. —ED.

Plea for Truth

It is well to remember that all the free world was ready to blame President Nehru of India when he attacked Goa to kick the Portuguese out. However, when President Sukarno dropped his parachutists all over New Guinea to kick the Dutch out, all the free world patted Sukarno on his back and invited him to Washington for a conference with the Dutch to discuss the future of the Papuans.

Can you understand that we in The Netherlands are becoming somewhat irritated by the magnificent way in which the attempt is made again to escape the truth and to deliver the Papuan population to the same hunger as the Indonesians enjoy? I sincerely hope that you may decide to publish something about the truth before it is too late for the Papuans to have the right of self-determination for their future.

The Hague, Holland H. HOUWINK

How Fight Barbarism?

Any serious member of Christ's Church, whether Roman, Lutheran or what have you, can only applaud Will Herberg's incisive comments on the natural law in general, and its relation to Nazi Germany in particular [June 19]. However, this reader wonders whether the Roman Church did indeed say "'No' to Hitler much sooner and with a much wider scope" as Herberg claims.

Prof. Gordon Zahn, a Roman Catholic sociologist at Loyola University in Chicago, might lead us to believe otherwise in his book *German Catholics and Hitler's Wars*. If Prof. Zahn is correct, it would seem that the Roman hierarchy went all out in support of the Nazi war effort, and that very few of the Roman laity showed any resistance to that war effort, *e.g.*, by exercising the possibility of Christian conscientious objection against fighting for an unjust cause. This is not to suggest that the Lutheran record in Nazi Germany was any more commendable. It wasn't. It is, however, to raise the question: what is the most effective way for utilizing the concept of natural law in countering the barbarism of German National Socialism, or Russian Bolshevism?

Bronx, N.Y. REV. FR. BROOKE WALKER

Unity at Trinity

Russell Kirk's article ["Critical Students," June 19] erroneously states that "an evaluation of the faculty by students" of "Trinity University" was released a few weeks ago. In actual fact, however, this booklet was published by the Senate of Trinity *College*, Hartford, Conn., and entitled *Trinity College: an Undergraduate Evaluation*. This booklet was designed as constructive criticism. The editors of the *Evaluation* expressed this sentiment in the Preface where they state that "we are all convinced that Trinity College is one of the finest

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schools in the nation and this report is an attempt to improve further this institution."

JAMES ROSS SWEENEY
Hartford, Conn. Trinity College, '62

In Defense of Nixon (tepidly)

During several years of 90 per cent agreeable reading in NATIONAL REVIEW, I am able to recall only two comments favorable to Richard Nixon —both in your readers' letters column. The first appeared shortly after the last Presidential election when Nixon was being climbed on for his alleged ineptness in not winning. But your correspondent praised him (with due specifications) for making a vigorous, intelligent campaign which all but triumphed over the stacked deck he had to buck. With this I agreed. The other letter is in your June 19 issue; you caption it, tepidly, "In Defense of Nixon," but as I read it, this letter is not so much a defense as a sharp rebuke of one of your reviewers for his picky ("nasty") criticism of that frankly human book *Six Crises*. What makes this letter a real dandy is the surprising and delightful word it ends up with. It does not sum up this dedicated American's persecutors as character assassins, or the like, but simply—and with rare insight—as *fools*. A most precise designation, as witness the man whose recent Shelling Mr. Nixon came through, as usual, with flying colors.

San Francisco, Cal. GEO. CHAMBERS

As witness (WHAT)? —ED.

Orthodoxy

Mr. Frederick D. Wilhelmsen in "My Doxy is Orthodoxy" [May 22] has fallen into the pitfall suggested by his premise "An orthodoxy consists of a set of related convictions concerning the final meaning of human life within history." No *final* meaning is ever held in human life any more than the *final* page of history has ever been written.

The free play of opinions that in fact always has been America must certainly continue. If some truth does not emerge from this giant and perpetual seminar, it is particularly childish to suggest that a profound, absolute and eternal othodoxy may be offered by those of Mr. Wilhelmsen's ilk.

Lawton, Okla. JOHN B. LARKINS

Some truth has *emerged.* —ED.

Good Times Coming

I notice your request to critics [June 19] asking for advance notification of forthcoming attacks. In early January 1963, Crowell-Collier Books will be publishing a simultaneous hard-cover and paper-back edition of a revised and expanded version of *The New American Right*. The original edition, published in 1955, contained essays by myself, Richard Hofstadter, Peter Viereck, Talcott Parsons, David Riesman and S. M. Lipset, on the subject of McCarthyism and McCarthywasm. The new edition reprints the original essays without change, but at the same time each of the authors has added a new chapter dealing with the contemporary aspects of the radical right. In addition, there will be two chapters, one by Alan Westin on the John Birch Society, and one by Herbert Hyman on the climates of intolerance in England and America.

The authors of the several essays are all academics in good standing. Some of the original research was financed by the Fund for the Republic. Professor Lipset's current research is sponsored by the Anti-Defamation League. I trust that the ranks supplied warrant the two maximum editorial pages promised. An early application to the promotion director of Crowell-Collier Books, or to the undersigned, will facilitate a review copy in sufficient time for your reviewer to sharpen his wits before publication date.

New York City DANIEL BELL

On this subject, professor, our wits stay sharpened! Thanks anyway for the notice. We'll bury you in January, statuary. —ED.

Good Times Going

You have erred! Title of infamous attack on future world by reactionary Ray Bradbury is *Fahrenheit 451* not *491* ["Random Notes," June 19]. A small mistake, you say? A mere digit (imagine Chief smiling with superiority)? If we were to make one-digit error in our calculations, entire plan to invade earth would go kerflooey (*Gesundheit!*). Earthlings, we will not make that mistake. You worry about the wrong New Frontier.

EDWARD GRIMM
Chief, Interterrestrial Research
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Ingmar Bergman's Hex

Your review of Ingmar Bergman's *Through A Glass Darkly* [May 22] points up his confusion of the psychic and the spiritual. The elements of this Bergman film show this: the girl's mental imbalance, her fascination with the nether waters, incest, voices beckoning her to another (*i.e.*, infra-human) world, her vision—not of God—but of the nether waters "personified" by the spider image, and finally, her dissolution *d'en bas*. The spider, the deadly creature that lives on the victims it destroys, in the Christian tradition has always been a symbol of Satan. The sinister context in this case leaves no doubt as to the meaning intended, even though "unconsciously" intended. The moral note on which the film ends does not change the basic intent of the story, since, as your reviewer indicates, it is almost accidental to the central horror, and since morality in itself, unrelated to a superior principle, can serve various ends. . . .

Clinton, Md. ALVIN MOORE JR.

H.R.H. Jack et al.

What with all the comments on the Kennedy "royalty image" by such *eminents as* Winchell and Reston, it's no wonder I've been subject to horrid nightmares lately. It seems that I see Jacqueline Kennedy riding through the streets of Washington and announcing to her court advisers: "The people have no bread? Let them drink Scotch." It's all very frightening!

Waltham, Mass. LAWRENCE T. MAY JR.

I enclose an Ode to the White House, a paraphrase of a suggested epitaph for King Charles II:

Here sits our sovereign lord,
King John
Whose word no man relies on;
He rarely says a foolish thing,
But never does a wise one.

Columbus, Ohio JEANETTE VAN ETTEN

Attar Boy!

There is an old French song the lyric of which has a vividly descriptive first line. Were the author living today his words would evoke the irresistible conclusion that he had a currently pre-eminent young American citizen in mind as he wrote them. The line . . . "I run as the musk deer runs, down through the forest, mad with my own perfume."

Nehalem, Ore. CLARENCE OLMSTEAD

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Dunphy Gives A Patio Party In Palm Beach

and serves Vat 69, the lig t Scotch you'll recommend tomorrow. Have you tried Vat 69 lately? Chris Dunphy, a governor of the famous Seminole Golf Club in Palm Beach, knows it's the Scotch that meets today's taste for lightness plus flavor. Scotch drinkers all over the world know it, too. That's why **One Scotch Stands Out...Vat 69.**

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